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New and original sporting & spectacular











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A NEW AND ORIGINAL  
Sporting & Spectacular Drama

ENTITLED

# THE DERBY WINNER,

WRITTEN BY

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS

CECIL RALEIGH & HENRY HAMILTON.

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London :

PRINTED BY J. MILES & CO., 195, WARDOUR STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

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## INDEX.

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	PAGE
Characters ... ..	8
Dress Plot ... ..	123
Gas Plot ... ..	119
Lime Plot... ..	121
Property Plot ... ..	111
Rotation of Calls before Curtain ... ..	117
Scene Plot ... ..	127
Super Plot ... ..	131
Synopsis of Scenery ... ..	4

---

Act I. ... ..	5
Act II. ... ..	31
Act III. ... ..	59
Act IV. ... ..	87

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## CHARACTERS.

DOUGLAS, EARL OF DESBOROUGH  
 HAROLD, VISCOUNT FERNSIDE (*His Son*)  
 COLONEL DONELLY  
 MAJOR MOSTYN  
 CAPTAIN LORD CHISHOLM  
 CAPTAIN BAGOT  
 HON. GUY BEAMISH  
 RUPERT LEIGH  
 SURGEON-CAPTAIN CYPRIAN STREATFIELD, A.M.S. (*Retired*)  
 JOE AYLMER (*a Trainer*)  
 DICK HAMMOND (*a Jockey*)

MARIA, DUCHESS OF MILFORD  
 MURIEL, COUNTESS OF DESBOROUGH  
 MRS. DONELLY  
 ANNETTE DONELLY  
 MARY AYLMER (*Nursery Governess to the Desboroughs*)  
 VIVIEN DARVILLE

## SMALL PARTS.

Auctioneer  
 Lord Desborough's Solicitor  
 Lady Desborough's Solicitor  
 Mostyn's Solicitor  
 Usher at Law Courts  
 Servants (2), Act I.  
 Waiter, 2nd Scene, Act II.  
 Boots  
 Waiter } Act III. Scene I.  
 Guide  
 Servant, Act IV.  
 Nurse, Act IV. Scene III.

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## Synopsis of Scenery.

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### Act I.

BRACKENHURST HALL, YORKSHIRE.

### Act II.

Scene I .. .. THE DOWNS, MALTON, YORKS.  
 Scene II .. .. THE WHITE HART,  
 Scene III .. .. THE REGIMENTAL BALL.

### Act III.

Scene I .. .. THE GREAT HOTEL, LONDON.  
 Scene II .. .. THE LAW COURTS.  
 Scene III .. .. TATTERSALLS.

### Act IV.

Scene I .. .. MOSTYN'S COTTAGE UP THE RIVER.  
 Scene II .. .. THE SANATORIUM, FAIRSEA.  
 Scene III .. .. SICK ROOM IN THE SANATORIUM.  
 Scene IV .. .. A CORNER OF THE PADDOCK, EPSOM.  
 Scene V .. .. THE PADDOCK.  
 Scene VI .. .. THE DERBY.

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# THE DERBY WINNER.

**Calls for  
Act I.**

**Hand  
Properties.**

No.  
1  
O

CALL I.  
Servant

With Salver  
with drinks

and Cigarettes

Desborough

Pocket-book

Mostyn

Ditto

Colonel

Cigarette Case

Mrs. Donelly

Book to read

Rupert Leigh

Cigarette Case

and Betting Book

Capt. Bagot

Ditto

Lord Chisholm

Ditto and

Five pound note

Duchess of Milford

Annette Donelly

Cyprian Streatfield

Servant

CALL II.

Lady Desborough &

Major Mostyn

Miss Donelly

Cyp. Streatfield

Fernside

Mary

CALL III.

Aylmer

Hammond

Servant

Cane

Cane

Written letter

on Salver

CALL IV.

Vivien Darville

Cyprian Streatfield

CALL V.

Darville

Mostyn

Lady Desborough

Lights half up

Red lime at fire-place R

Blue lime in conservatory L

Lights over billiard table

Lengths (gas) at staircase R. and

O.P. and at door at conservatory

## ACT I.

SCENE: *The Hall, Brackenhurst, Yorkshire. Large fire-place with big overmantel, canopy supported by pillars R. door L. & E. Window opening on conservatory L. Large oak staircase R. & C. leading to gallery.*

*There is a large tray near fireplace, with decanters and soda water. COL. DONELLY asleep in chair R. & C. MRS. DONELLY sits on couch O. Movement in billiard room at back and general cry of "Game!"*

BAGOT. Hullo!—how's it gone?

CHIS. Oh, Desborough's the winner.

LEIGH. (*Coming down C. aside*) Yes, damn him, he always is. There's another tanner gone! (*WAITER enters from billiard room with brandy and soda, &c., and places them on table near fire-place R.*) Where's the brandy and soda? (*going to table.*)

MRS. D. (*To COLONEL D., who comes down with BEAMISH and CHIS.*) That's the third brandy and soda that young man has had within half an hour.

COL. Which young man, my dear?

MRS. D. Mr. Rupert Leigh (*rising and coming down L.*)

(*LEIGH after mixing brandy and soda, sits moodily by fire and pulling out his betting book consults it eagerly. DESBOROUGH comes down O. with MOSTYN.*)

DES. Thank goodness, that's a bit off what I owe you.

MOSTYN. (*coming down O. following to R.*) Yes. A hundred. And every little helps, doesn't it?

DES. It does indeed.

MOSTYN. Cheer up old man, perhaps your luck's on the turn.

DES. About time it was.

B

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MOSTYN. Well, you musn't complain, you know the old adage, unlucky at play, lucky in love. (cross L.

*All go up.* CHIS. COL. MRS. D.

DES. Love, yes, Muriel! I musn't forget that.

MOSTYN. No. *(aside)* And I shan't forget it either. You have got to pay me back in something more than *money* before we're quits. *(crossing to R.C.) (aloud)* Er—you haven't told Muriel—I beg your pardon, Lady Desborough, you're as hard hit *as you are?*

DES. No! I've had a terrible year racing, but I want to keep my embarrassments from Muriel, in fact I wouldn't have her know of them for the world. (taking stage

MOSTYN. Quite so.

DES. But for that money you lent me I should have come a cropper months ago.

MOSTYN. We need not talk about that, old fellow. I was quite satisfied with the security. (crossing L.C.

DES. Mostyn, we must talk about it. The time for repayment was up days ago. Your only security is a lien on my horses.

MOSTYN. A stud that includes a Derby favourite is quite good enough for me.

DES. (c.) But you could, if you chose, have the horses sold under the hammer to-morrow, if so, I should be a ruined man.

MOSTYN. (D.C.) *If* I chose.

DES. (c.) I—I—it comes to this, Mostyn, I can't pay for the moment—do you believe sufficiently in Clipstone to wait till after the Derby?

MOSTYN. Of course I believe in Clipstone: but I thought you had written to your lawyers about raising the money.

DES. I have, and am still waiting for their answer.

MOSTYN. Let's hope it will be satisfactory. Anyhow, don't No  
worry. Come outside on the terrace and have a weed. }

*(Offers cigar case to DESBOROUGH as they go off at con-*  
*servatory L.* C

ALL. *(off stage in Billiard Room)* Bravo Duchess!

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LEIGH. (*shutting up book*) How the devil I'm going to pay all this I don't know. (*he rises*)

DUCH. (*off at back L.*) Cannon off cush! (*entering from back amid applause of younger officers*) Who says I can't play billiards? (*coming down c. meets LEIGH, who crosses to c. simultaneously*) What—been doing a little simple arithmetic, Mr. Leigh? How does it tot up, eh?

LEIGH. Badly, Duchess, very badly.

DUCH. Ah! I know—the sort of book you *must* lose two thousand over, and *may* lose ten. Never mind, we shall get it all back over Clipstone. (*coming down and sitting c.*) Where's the Doctor. (*who has been reading paper*)

COL. (*sitting*) Oh, he's spoiling sport for the local sawbones, patching up one of the housemaids. (*sitting L.C.*)

DUCH. (*aside*) I hope it isn't the pretty one.

MRS. D. The dear Doctor is always so sympathetic.

COL. Where there's a petticoat in question.

BAGOT. Tut, tut! Don't blaspheme, sir. The Doctor is <sup>No.</sup> engaged to be married. <sub>8</sub>

CHIS. For the *fourteenth* time of asking. O

BAGOT. He says it serious this time.

*Enter CYPRIAN STREATFIELD.*

CYP. Who is the happy man? (*coming down staircase*)

CHIS. Surgeon-Captain Cyprian Streatfield, A.S.—I mean, A.M.S.

CYP. Look here, Chisholm, don't you coruscate so much or you'll sprain your sense of humour.

(*On chair R.C. Mrs. D. on sofa, and COL. on chair L.*)

DUCH. I hope the maid is better, Doctor? So good of you to trouble about the poor girl.

CYP. Not at all, Your Grace. (*Enter ANNETTE*) Fair woman in distress never appealed in vain to the heart of a British surgeon-captain. (*going R a little*)

ANN. Only when they're in distress, Doctor?

CYP. At any time, Miss Donnelly.

ANN. Or place. Even on an Indian steamer!

(*goes up to Billiard Room*)

CYP. Now you are chaffing me, because I met my *fiancee* on a P. & O. But when you see Mrs. Delmaine this evening I'm sure you'll all congratulate me. (*sits on seat*)

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DUCH. I am sure we shall all congratulate *her*, especially as she's a widow.

MRS. D. I know those widows.

DUCH. Yes, they come from Simla.

MRS. D. I shall never forget when the regiment first went out *our* meeting a widow at Rawul-Pindi, a Mrs. Darville.

(*all move towards MRS. D.*)

COL. A fine figure of a woman.

CHIS. A blaze of rubies and red carnations.

MRS. D. (*sitting R.C.*) She was an abandoned person.

DUCH. You don't say so—who abandoned her?

(*seated c. on chair*)

MRS. D. Nobody, Duchess, that she ever got into her clutches. There were all sorts of stories afloat about her none of them definite, but all of them shocking—the *Colonel* can tell you some of them.

DUCH. Delighted! In French of course?

COL. (*at back of seat*) Your Grace; perhaps I'm a little old fashioned; but it's not *my* custom to tell stories about a lady behind her back, in English *or* in French.

(*Bows and goes up stage.*)

DUCH. Charming person—if he only had a literary turn I'd get him to write my biography.

CYP. (*over chair*) I am afraid it wouldn't sell well, Duchess—*his* version I mean.

DUCH. (*Tapping him with her fan*) Hush! naughty boy! People tell such absurd stories about everyone now-a-days. (*Rises*) I daresay Mrs. Thingummy wasn't a bit worse than anybody else.

MRS. D. Indeed she was—what we *saw* of her was quite enough without what we *heard*.

DUCH. Did you see *much*? (*rise and cross to Mrs. D.*)

CHIS. Lots! (*Aside*) Especially in evening dress.

MRS. D. Everybody thought at one time that Lord Desborough would be actually foolish enough to marry her.

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Call 2.

COL. (R.) But he didn't. If Your Grace must know the truth, a rather reckless youngster like Desborough, parted from Muriel the girl he loved, had a bit of a flirtation with the first pretty woman he met; but when he came into his title, he sent in his papers and came home to marry the girl of his heart and live happy ever afterwards; now that's the end of it!

CYP. (*Aside*) Not if I know Mrs. Donelly.

MRS. D. It was perfectly scandalous the way she got presents out of all the men at the station, *the Colonel included*.

(COL. goes up.)

DUCH. I see: the Colonel gave her a present, and you're giving her a past.

MRS. D. Pardon me, she gave herself a past.

CYP. Ah! I thought she gave herself away.

MRS. D. So she did, with everybody. (*Looking about room*) Young Leigh for one was perfectly infatuated about her. And I did hear that Mrs. Darville—

LEIGH. (*Coming down R.C.*) Pardon me, Mrs. Donelly, what's that about me and Mrs. Darville?

CHIS. (*Rising and touching him on shoulder*) Come, come, Leigh, don't get excited—we all know you were gone on her.

LEIGH. What if I was! I did love her and I'm proud of it.

MRS. D. Perhaps that was the reason she left Rawul Pindi so suddenly, Mr. Leigh.

LEIGH. No, the reason she left Pindi so suddenly was that she was sick of the constant scandal-mongering, (*Mrs. DONELLY rises*) It wasn't *her* fault that she was a beautiful and fascinating woman.

MRS. D. No, it was other people's misfortune. (*Sits again R.C.*) She didn't want to have all the men at her feet.

DUCH. Of course not, my dear, they never do.

CYP. She seems to have succeeded in having all the women<sup>No. 4</sup> at her throat, and all the men at each other's.

LEIGH. (*Coming R.C. During this speech MOSTYN and LADY D. enter from window and cross to C.*) If you're referring to myself and Desborough, Cyp., I had a perfect right to interfere when I thought he was treating her unfairly. If she'd only cared for me as she cared for him, she might have done anything, been anything, been the worst that you could say or think of



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her, and even then I'd have been glad to offer her my life ; but there—she wouldn't look at *me*.

*(Coming down stage)*

But as for Desborough, Mrs. Darville loved him passionately, ay ! and I wouldn't mind betting wherever she is, she loves him still.

MOSTYN. *(Coming down)* A-hem ! Leigh !

*(Slight and awkward pause)*

LADY D. Mrs. Darville—wasn't that a woman in India ?

MOSTYN Eh—has Desborough never mentioned her ?

LADY D. No, but I have heard her name before. *(MOSTYN crosses L. Coming down)* Pray continue your story, Mr. Leigh. What was that about Mrs.—Mrs. Darville ?

LEIGH. I—er—oh nothing, Lady Desborough—

CYP. *(R.C.)* Only one of Leigh's *wild* stories. She was a woman of no importance.

DUCH. Yes, my dear, poor dear Milford knew dozens of 'em before he married me.

*(MRS. D. rises and goes L. and sits by desk. CHIS. and BAGOT go L. with Mrs. D)*

CYP. Never mind, Duchess, better luck next time.

DUCH. *(With meaning sigh)* I wish I could hope so !

*(CYP gives alarmed look at DUCHESS and goes up. DUCHESS seats herself on couch R.C.)*

LADY D. *(Going to DUCHESS and sitting on sofa)* You don't seem to believe in married happiness, Duchess. Surely there can be no greater happiness than that of the woman who loves her husband and her child.

DUCH. *(Tenderly to MURIEL)* My dear, I never had a child to love. *(MURIEL kisses her ; DUCHESS brushes away a tear)* All the same, my dear, I'm glad to see *you* happy—happy in your boy—happy in the perfect love and confidence that exists between yourself and Desborough.

LADY D. *(Sighing)* Yes.

*(Music)*

DUCH. You are perfectly happy, Muriel ?

LADY D. Until a few months back, I thought almost *too* happy. Oh ! don't think I'm *unhappy* now, Duchess ; but, although I love Douglas as much as ever—although—I think—I—I'm sure *he* loves *me* just the same—something—something indefinable—a mist—a shadow seems to have arisen between us. It isn't that the love's less, but that its outlines have got blurred ; It is only that once the sunshine was unclouded, and now it isn't quite—*quite* so perfect.

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DUCH. My dear, very few things *are* perfect, still fewer *men*. I'm afraid you're a little fanciful to-night. You want amusing. *(To men)* Here, who'll come and play pool? *(General chorus of "I will, Duchess, I will" and the younger officers go up with DUCHESS to billiard table c. opening)*

*(CYPRIAN looks at his watch, crossing towards hearth.)*

LADY D. *(Rising and going to CYP.)* You're getting anxious, eh, Doctor? There's plenty of time. Mrs. Delmaine cannot arrive for another half hour at least. The carriage will be bringing back Harold from the children's fancy ball before then. It will take you to the station to meet her.

CYP. Thanks so much. *(looking off L.)* Oh, there's Miss Donnelly, I must speak to her before I leave, she looks so pretty this evening.

*(DESBOROUGH crosses to billiard room)*

MAJ. Cyp. don't forget, you're engaged.

CYP. Oh no! it's serious this time. *(Exit L. into conservatory)*  
*(DESBOROUGH re-enters from L.U.E. and crosses up to billiard room. MURIEL sees him.)*

LADY D. *(Half aside, looking off L.)* Douglas! Shall I ask him at once, or shall I wait? *(Coming down)*

MOSTYN. *(Coming to her side quietly R.C.)* Thinking about Mrs. Darville, Lady Desborough?

LADY D. *(R. looking at him, with slight pause)* Yes.

MOSTYN. Wondering whether you should ask Desborough anything about her.

LADY D. Yes.

MOSTYN. I shouldn't if I were you.

LADY D. Why not?

MOSTYN, *(R.C.)* Well, it's always awkward to awaken the bachelor memories of a married man.

LADY D. *(R.)* Really! Are men's memories so lasting?

MOSTYN. *(R.C.)* Sometimes. Do you think I have forgotten the old days when *you* were Muriel Vernon, when Douglas Houston and I were rivals? Do you think I can forget—

LADY D. *(R.)* Yourself? I think you *do*.

MOSTYN. Perhaps; because I only remember *you*. Yes. Douglas and I were both poor then, but if my fortune had only come to me before his title came to him—

LADY D. *(R.C.)* It would have made no difference.

No.  
5

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MOSTYN. (L.C.) None ?

LADY D. (*Pausing and looking him calmly in the face*) None.

MOSTYN. I am answered. But let me think one thing, should you ever need a friend—

LADY D. A wife needs no friend but her husband.

(*Turning up R. and goes to fireplace*)

MOSTYN. I trust in your case she never may.

(*Follows her to fireplace*)

(*Enter DESBOROUGH L.*)

DES. (*Coming down L. to desk*) Muriel and Mostyn together again! they seem to find a lot to talk about. I wonder if she forgets that he once wanted to marry her. I wonder if he remembers too—bah! I am a jealous fool—but all the same I wish to goodness I did not owe him all that money. (*Coming over*) May I join in as a bad third in this very interesting talking match ?

Trifle lighter.

LADY D. (*Half chaffingly*) Certainly! (*Crossing to him*) If you care for anything so unsportsmanlike as talking to your own wife.

DES. Why, Muriel dear, what's the matter ? I never heard you say anything so cynical before.

LADY D. Oh, don't take any notice of it. I'm a little cross, that's all. (*General laugh from those playing billiards*) Let's go and watch the billiards.

(*Takes his arm affectionately and they go up to billiard room*)

MOSTYN (*Aside*) Both of 'em a bit jealous. "It is the little rift within the lute, that by-and-bye will make the music mute." By Jove, if Mrs. Darville were only here—but where she is Devil knows—h'm! yes, the Devil's just the person who *would* know.

(*Going up to billiard room. Looking after them. Musingly*)

*Enter DOCTOR and ANNETTE from L.2.E.*

ANN. So you really are going to be married at last ? Don't you think you'll miss being engaged ? (*going L. of armchair.*)

CYP. Perhaps I shall feel a little lonely at first.

ANN. (R.) It is to be hoped *she* won't feel lonely.

CYP. (*sitting on L. arm of couch*) She doesn't seem to think so, and she ought to know—she's a widow. So to speak, she is a professional at marriage—I'm only an amateur.

ANN. (R.C.) What a funny idea ! Do you look upon marriage as a profession ?

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CYP. Well, I haven't hitherto made it a practice (*sitting on end of couch*) I say, Miss Donelly, I wonder who *you'll* marry? —*He'll* be a lucky dog.

ANN. Do you think so, Doctor?

CYP. I am sure of it! (*movement, aside*) Barring the mother-in-law!

ANN. (*aside, sighing, and sitting o. on right arm of chair*) He's very nice. What a pity he's going to marry—a widow!

CYP. Yes (*moving up a little*), the man who marries *you* ought to be very, very happy.

ANN. You mustn't talk to me like that!—you're engaged.

CYP. I beg your pardon—I'd forgotten it for the minute—force of habit.

ANN. And is Mrs. Delmaine very beautiful?

CYP. Well, she gives one that impression: but beauty becomes a habit with a woman after she's thirty.

ANN. (*in horrified tone*) Is she past thirty?

CYP. Why not?—I'm past thirty.

ANN. Oh—but it's so—er—so different with a man.

CYP. You wouldn't mind *my* being past thirty?  
(*rising, and sitting on arm of couch o.*)

ANN. Oh no—but *you're* engaged.

CYP. (*aside*) Damn it—so I am! (*sitting down again.*)

ANN. I don't think I should like to marry a widow.

CYP. You couldn't.

ANN. I mean a widower.

CYP. Why not?

ANN. It would be so like wearing second-hand clothes.

CYP. Or smoking another chap's pipe. I never thought of that (*rising*) and I am not altogether sure that I altogether like it now I do think of it.

ANN. I wonder which men really like best—girls or widows?

CYP. Well, boys like widows (*sits on left arm of arm-chair while ANNETTE is sitting on right one*) and old gentlemen like girls.

ANN. Is that why *you* like *me*, Doctor?

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CYP. Eh? Don't ask me—I'm engaged! (*rises and goes up*  
 (*ANNETTE goes R. to fireplace. LADY D. comes down with*  
*MRS. D. and the DUCHESS, followed by COL. and one or*  
*two of the men.*

DUCH. What do you say, dear?

LADY D. I'm sure I heard the carriage. Yes—there's Harold!

HAROLD (*off*) Mother! Mother!

CALL 3. (*enter HAROLD (Lord Fernside) L.2.E., in full uniform of*  
*Forty-Third Hussars "Cherubim" MARY AYLMEER follows*  
*him and remains a little up stage.*

HAROLD. (R.C.) Mother, Mother—here I am!

LADY D. (R) So you've got back, my sweetheart? Give  
 Mother a kiss. (*runs to LADY D. R.*  
*(kisses child.*

DES. (C.) Well, my boy, how did you enjoy the ball?

HAROLD (R.C.) Rippin', Father, had a high old time!

LADY D. (R.) My dear Harold—

HAROLD. (R.C.) Yes, and lots of negus—and it *was* jolly.

CYP. (R.) Hum! and what did you eat?

HAROLD. Oh, only squashy things—you know—jelly and  
 tipsy cake, and chocolate stuff with cream on it, and lobster and  
 pine-apple and all that, and a couple of ices, and some lemonade  
 while we were dancing—

CHIS. (C) Good Heavens! what a mixture.

DUCH. (*seated C.*) The child must have an iron constitution.

CYP. That's just what he hasn't. Look here, young man, if  
 you don't knock off late hours and dissipation, you'll spend the  
 holidays in my Sanatorium. You've told me what you had  
 to-night. Shall I tell you what you'll have in the morning?

HAROLD. What, Doctor?

CYP. A black draught!

HAROLD. Oh no!

(*MOSTYN assists HAROLD on to chair near fireplace*

*Enter SERVANT L.3.E.*

SERV. The carriage is waiting for Doctor Streatfield.

ANN. I'm afraid you'd forgotten you were engaged, Doctor?

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CYP. Yes. You'll excuse me, Lady Desborough (*going up*)  
I shall be back directly (*aside, glancing at ANNETTE as he goes*)  
Widow! widow!—I wish she wasn't a widow!

(*exit DOCTOR L.S.E. followed by SERVANT*)

(*ANNETTE goes up to chair on chair*)

LADY D. Did you dance much, Harold?

HAROLD. (*standing on chair R.*) Oh yes, but my sword kept  
on getting between my legs. A sword is a silly thing to dance  
with.

COL. Better to fight with, eh?

HAROLD. Rather! (*half drawing his sword*) I should like to  
kill someone with mine.

LADY D. Harold, dear, you mustn't say that—it's wicked to  
kill people.

HAROLD. But don't *soldiers* kill people?

COL. Sure, my boy, that's what they're *paid* to do.

HAROLD. Oh then, it isn't wicked to kill people if you're paid  
for it. Father (*jumping off chair and running to DIS.*) pay me  
a shilling and I'll go and kill the cook.

DUCH. I'd pay him a fiver if he'd kill the pretty housemaid.

(*goes into conservatory L. followed by CHISHOLM and BAGOT*)

DES. English soldiers don't kill women, Fernside.

HAROLD. Then may I kill a man?

COL. Well, wait till you've grown up, my boy, and you can  
have a slap at a nigger or two to go on with. There's sure to be  
a little war on somewhere.

(*ALL go up laughing towards billiard table. MOSTYN is about  
to follow the others when MARY speaks.*)

MARY. (C.) Geoffrey!

MOSTYN. (R.C.) Hush! (*coming down*) Hang it, don't call me  
that *here*.

MARY. (C.) Very good. Major Mostyn, I must have one word  
with you.

MOSTYN. Can't you choose a better time and place?

MARY. (R.C.) You give me no opportunity. You have kept no  
appointment, you have avoided me for days.

MOSTYN. (R.) I couldn't help it. Is that all?

No.  
7

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MARY. (*aside*) Father! It will break his heart when he knows.

MOSTYN. Then don't tell him (*leaves MARY and crosses up L.*  
(*Hats in hand, HAMMOND and AYLMER enter L.B.E., preceded*  
*by SERVANT, L. They bow awkwardly but respectfully to the*  
*company.*

DES. (c.) Hammond!

HAM. Yes, m'Lord (*goes and talks to DES. at fireplace*

AYLMER. (*coming down to MARY by settee L.*) Well, Mary, my girl, you're looking very pale this evening; what's wrong eh?

MARY. Nothing, Father. I—I'm a little tired, that's all.

## CALL 4.

AYLMER. Yes, but that's what you're always a sayin', and you gets paler and paler, and all the roses is gone from your cheeks (*pointing with thumb over his shoulder*) What? Ain't Master Dick been up to see you as often as 'e ought? I'll 'ave a talk to 'im. (*MARY makes deprecating action*

DES. (*at fireplace*) Bravo, my lad, we shall make a jockey of you yet.

AYLMER. (*turning from MARY*) Ay, that you will, my Lord. He'll take down the number of some of them flash chaps at Noomarket before we've done wi' him.

*Enter DUCHESS and BAGOT from conservatory L.; CHISHOLM follows.*

DUCH. Why, what has the boy been doing now, Aylmer?  
(*sitting c.*

AYLMER. Doin', your Grace. Giving them a straight ride for their money, and that's more than everybody gets now-a-days.

MOSTYN. (R.) Yes, it's generally a crooked run for somebody else's money.

AYLMER. He's been ridin' to orders as cool and careful as if he'd been up in a dozen Derbys.

DUCH. Dear me! and where was this? (*sitting on couch*

DES. At Lichfield. I sent him over with Jo to get rid of that wretched Petrarch filly in a selling race.

AYLMER. (R.C.) Yes, Your Grace. There was a heap o' runners, and, Dick I says, don't you forget, lad, the mare has a fine turn o' speed, but there's only one run in her. Wait till

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the last minute, and then ride for your life. They was soon down at the post and got away at the first try, Dick well in front sitting as still as stone, and steadying the mare nicely, when Foxglove come out and made the running. It was a mile, Your Grace knows, but they ran it like a T.Y.C., the field was all tailed off to nothing at the distance. As they come round the bend for home, there was only three in it, Foxglove, Captain Janat's mare, with Dick about five lengths behind 'em. Then the shouting began "Foxglove wins! Foxglove wins for a monkey!" and on they come, Dick creeping nearer and nearer; the Captain's mare was beat a furlong from home, and Dick was just at Foxglove's quarter—he got to her girth—got to her shoulder, but had scarcely moved in his saddle. "Dash it!" I says, "he's drawing it *too* fine!" they'd not twenty lengths to go, when down he sits, come with one grand rush, collared the favourite in the last stride and won by a head on the post!

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

HAM. (*at fireplace*) I could have won a bit further, my Lord, but I'd got my orders.

MOSTYN. (R.) Quite right! Nothing like the jockey who always rides to orders!

DUCH. (C.) Except the jockey who always rides to win. That's the one for my money—and (*crossing to DICK*) here's some of it, Bravos are all very nice, but fivers are better, and there's one for you. (*giving bank note to DICK*)

(*DICK takes bank note and touches forehead.* LADY D. comes down.

LADY D. (*up R.*) And what will you do with it, Dick?

HAM. I—I think I shall buy a bit of a present for somebody, my lady.

LADY D. And if we guessed that the somebody was Mary?

DUCH. Eh? Oh! my congratulations! (*to MARY*)

AYLMER. Ah? And congratulate 'im too, Your Grace, for though I says it as shouldn't (*going to MARY*) my girl's as clever as she's pretty; and as for goodness, she's the equal of any lady in the land.

DUCH. (*half aside to MAJOR*) Which isn't quite such unqualified praise as it sounds, eh, Major?



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DES. (*at fireplace, crossing to AYLMER, observing MARY's embarrassment; looking at watch*) Er—ahem!—yes—Well, I'm glad you got on so well at Lichfield, Aylmer, that's all for this evening. Good—

HAM. and } —night, my Lord!

AYLMER. } —night, my Lord. 'Night, ladies and gentlemen.

(*Bus. of AYLMER, saying good-night to MARY  
exeunt AYLMER and DICK HAMMOND, L.U.K.*)

DES. Isn't it time Fernside went to bed, eh? (*crossing to c.*)

MURIEL. Quite, I think.

DUCH. (*to DES.*) Well, now you've seen Dick here, what about the trial?

DES. Oh, it's all arranged, we shall try Clipstone on Thursday at daybreak.

DUCH. Ah! the day after to-morrow.

MOSTYN. The day of the Regimental Ball!

LADY D. (*to HAROLD, whom she is carrying round to say good-night*) Now say good-night to Father, and off we go to Bedfordshire!

HAROLD. Good-night, Father (*running to DES.*) I shall dream about fighting.

DES. And wake to victory, I hope, my son, as boy and man. God bless you! (*kisses HAROLD. LADY D. carries HAROLD to staircase and exits over balcony*)

LADY D. Come, Mary.

DES. (*aside to MARY*) You got my letter, Mary?

MARY. Yes, my Lord—and I thank you from my heart.

(*exit MARY upstairs after LADY D.*)

DUCH. Desborough, my dear, it's not my business, but—but do you feel quite sure about Clipstone?

DES. Quite, Duchess, quite.

DUCH. Oh, very well—but I know you've plunged a bit—

DES. Duchess, I've gone a mucker—the Derby is almost my last chance.

DUCH. Dear, dear, I'm sorry it's as bad as that! Desborough, if a few hundreds are of any use—

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DES. I can't thank you enough, Duchess; but it isn't hundreds, it's thousands.

DUCH. Good evening!! (goes up c.)

*Enter SERVANT with letter on tray, hands it to DES., then clears side table R. of glasses, &c. and exits R.U.E.*

SERV. Letter, my Lord.

DES. Ah! at last! *(he takes the letter from tray, looks at it, then aside)* Mostyn!

MOSTYN *(crossing)* For me?

DES. No—for me, from my lawyers. (tears open letter)

MOSTYN. That's all right. Well, what do they say?

DES. *(reading)* "Regrets—estates already encumbered—also by allowances to yourself—depression in agricultural property—it is impossible to raise any appreciable sum on a further mortgage."  
(LADY D. appears on gallery)

MOSTYN. Hum!—that's awkward! What do you propose to do?

DES. *(sinking dejectedly into chair)* God knows!

MOSTYN. *(catching sight of LADY D.)* 'Sh! your wife!

(crosses R.)

DES. *(hastily tearing up letter and flinging it into the fire)*  
Yes. Now the Derby is my last—my only chance.

(sitting by fire R.)

MOSTYN. *(aside)* Ah! he has burnt the letter, she has seen him do it. She is suspicious—he won't speak. "The little rift within the lute" bids fair to widen.

(going up L. to billiard room)

LADY D. *(coming down and putting hand on his shoulder. He starts slightly)* Douglas, what is troubling you?

DRS. Troubling me, dear—er—nothing. What should be?

LADY D. That is what I want you to tell me.

DES. There is nothing to tell. *(pause)* Don't you believe me?

LADY D. (R.C.) I can't. Forgive me, Douglas, but I've watched you. Your face and your words tell two different stories. Love may be blind, but not such love as mine. For days, more, for weeks past, you have been silent, moody, abstracted—what does it all mean?

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CALL

DES. It means I—my dear, what will you fancy next? Mayn't a man have fits of silence, as well as a woman?

LADY D. Yes. If silence does not imply a secret.

DES. There is no secret between us.

LADY D. There *should* be none. I want you to tell me everything. What was in that letter you burnt just now?

*(kneeling down by his side)*

DES. That letter—er—that letter was absolutely nothing.

LADY D. And that is why you so carefully burnt it.

DES. Absurd, dear! Don't make a fuss about a trifle.

LADY D. How am I to know that it is a trifle?

DES. Because I tell you so.

LADY D. It would be more to the purpose if you told me what was in it, *who* it was from. Will you?

DES. *(angrily)* No, I will not. *(rising and going c.)*

LADY D. Because it was from a woman *(rising and coming down)* For all I know from—Mrs Darville!

DES. C. *(taken aback)* Mrs. Darville! Muriel, what do you mean? What do you know of Mrs. Darville.

LADY D. (R.C.) Either too much—or too little. I come to my husband to tell me more.

DES. (C.) There is nothing to tell, except that I knew Mrs. Darville in India, and—well—admired her. That is seven years ago, in all which time I have neither seen nor heard of her.

LADY D. Nor heard *from* her? *(going down R.)*

DES. *(going to her)* Why, Muriel, is this all the trust you have in me? When you married me, you promised never to refer to the past—never to be jealous.

LADY D. I promised never to be jealous of the past. I did not promise never to be jealous. No woman who loves a man as I love you could promise that.

DES. Muriel dear, believe this—neither in the present nor in the future have you—or will you have cause of jealousy from me.

LADY D. *(pauses slightly)* I hope not. I'll try to believe not, for remember, Douglas, if ever the time did come, when I had cause to believe you faithless—

DES. Well?

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LADY D. I should leave you. *(coming down R.)*

DES. Leave me?

LADY D. Yes *(going up)* I should leave you to go your way while I went mine. It would be good-bye between us for ever. *(Turns from him and up C. MOSTYN has been watching her and DES, and now comes down to the latter.)*

DES. (R) And that's a woman, Mostyn! I try to stand between her and trouble, and she thinks I only want to screen myself. *(Leigh on)*

MOSTYN. (R.C.) Screen yourself? From what? *(Mrs. D. & Annette on)*

DES. Oh, she's heard some tattle about Mrs. Darville, and is jealous. You know all that business is dead years ago *going R.*

MOSTYN. Ye—es *(DES looks at him and turns up R. Every one commences to stroll on to their places. Aside, turning away)* Mrs. Darville, eh? I'm afraid her ladyship has not been taking my advice to let sleeping dogs lie! *(Bagot and others on)* I thought she wouldn't. Jealous, is she? Yes: jealousy once fairly roused in a woman like Muriel, might work wonders, might part her from him, might give her to me? Jealousy!—but to work that I should want a woman; pretty, clever, unscrupulous—ah! just such a woman as—

*Enter L.U.E., during MOSTYN's last lines, SERVANT who speaks to LADY D., then goes up and remains at door.*

LADY D. *(turning to door)* Mrs. Delmaine, Douglas! *(DES, who is sitting by fire, rises)*

DUCH. *(pulling herself up stiffly)* Mrs. Delmaine!

*Enter L.U.E. CYPRIAN and VIVIEN DARVILLE, who come down R.C.*

COL. *(as they all catch sight of VIVIEN)* Och! The Devil! *(low prolonged whistle from CHIS. BAGOT and BEAMISH)*

MOSTYN. *(recognising VIVIEN)* By Jove!

DES. *(noticing MOSTYN surprised and turning quickly, seeing VIVIEN and then turning down again)* Vivien Darville—good God!

LEIGH. Vivien!

MRS. D. That woman!

LADY D. How do you do Mrs. Delmaine, charmed to see you.

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VIVIEN. It was more than kind of you to ask me, Lady Desborough—and to meet such a circle of old friends.

MOSTYN. (*aside*) And by the look of things a circle she'll find it deuced difficult to square (*CYPRIAN helps off with cloak*)

LADY D. (*slightly astonished*) Really?

VIVIEN. Oh yes—Lord Desborough and I are quite old friends—aren't we? (*coming to DES.*)

DES (*taking her hand rather stiffly and bowing*) Mrs. Delmaine is referring to India I think.

CYP. You never told me, Vivien.

VIVIEN. No—one meets such a lot of people in India—it's impossible to keep a complete list of one's acquaintances.

MRS. D. Even if it were desirable.

VIVIEN. Quite so (*crossing to Mrs. Donnelly*) I see you remember me, Mrs. Donnelly.

MRS. D. Perfectly.

VIVIEN. And—how young the dear child looks for her age. And the Colonel too—as well preserved as ever. And all the dear boys, Captain Bagot, Mr. Beamish, and dear Lord Chisholm, how do you do? (*crossing L. to CHIS. & BAG., meeting LEIGH C. suddenly*) Mr. Leigh! As romantic as ever?

LEIGH. (*to her*) As devoted as ever!

VIVIEN. Yes—you always were so terribly in earnest; and last (*going R. to MOSTYN.*) but not least, Major Mostyn. (*aside to him*) I did that rather well, didn't I?

(*From VIVIEN'S entrance to this point the lines should be spoken as glibly, and the cues taken up as sharply, as possible.*)

MOSTYN. (*aside to her*) You always were a clever woman.

VIVIEN. Then we are friends.

MOSTYN. Yes—at a price.

VIVIEN. What price?

MOSTYN. I'll tell you later on.

VIVIEN. (*going to LADY D.*) No doubt this all surprises you very much, dear Lady Desborough.

LADY D. A little—of course.

VIVIEN. Naturally. I assure you it's a mingled pleasure and pain to me to recall the old days—before I met my late husband.

MRS. D. Did you say *late* or *last*, Mrs.—er—Delmaine?

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VIVIAN. (*Duchess comes down R.C.*) I said late : but I know what you mean, Mrs Donnelly (*bracing herself up to make what she feels to be a possibly damning statement*) When first I met the gallant Forty third Hussars I was Mrs. Darville. (*crossing to L.*)

LADY D. Mrs. Darville !

CYP. (*coming down. Aside*) Mrs. Darville—the Mrs. Darville Leigh and Desborough fought over—oh, dash it ! (*goes up*)

ANN. (*aside to CYP. Coming down*) What about that second hand pipe. Doctor ?

CYP. Pipe !—it's a double order in *weeds* !

DUCH. (*L.C. to CYP.*) Doctor, what's become of poor Delmaine ?

CYP. (*L.C.*) Presumably he's gone to keep house with poor Darville.

DUCH. And you're to be number *three*, eh ? Introduce me to Mrs. Binebeard.

CYP. *Don't, Duchess !*

DUCH. Poor boy. I won't. I forgot it was *serious* this time !—All the same, introduce me (*CYPRIAN introduces DUCHESS to VIVIAN—VIVIAN crosses R. to DUCHESS—they talk affably.*)

LADY D. (*aside*) Is this mere accident, or something more—I wonder *did* that letter come from her ?

MOSTYN. (*who has crossed to DES. and going L.*) Of course, my dear fellow, I know it's awfully awkward, but you can't quite turn a woman out of your house.

DES. No. But I can insist upon her leaving it.

MOSTYN. Well, don't do anything in a hurry. Look here, let's talk it out over a cigar when the others have gone to bed.

(*crosses L. to writing table and up to billiard room*)

DES. Very well. I'll wait here for you.

VIVIAN. (*aside. Coming down R.*) They are talking about *me*. What is Desborough going to do ? The Major is my friend. I think I can count on Rupert Leigh. Anyway I'll make certain (*coming down to LEIGH and seats herself L.C.*)

CYP. (*to DUCHESS*) Well, Duchess, what do you think of her ?

DUCH. My dear Doctor, I'm a plain spoken woman—don't ask me ! (*goes up to billiard room*)

CYP. (*pauses and looks round gloomily*) Damn !

(*joins DUCHESS up stage*)

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LEIGH. (L.) So you are going to marry that confounded Doctor?

VIVIEN. (L.C.) Yes. (*seated on couch*) But that need not separate me from my friends.

LEIGH. (L.C.) I'm *not* your friend.

VIVIEN. (L.C.) What?

LEIGH. No, and never shall be. It's love with me or nothing (*leaning over her*) I'm not of the stuff tame cats are made of. Remember I'm a man now—I was only a boy that time in India, but even then if I'd met you again after I'd found out how you fooled me, neither you nor I would have stood here to talk about it to-night.

VIVIEN. My dear Rupert, I never fooled you.

(*Laying her hand caressingly on his arm*)

LEIGH. (*Shaking off her hand*) I say you *did* for a prig like Desborough, as you would again for a sap like Streatfield. No, Vivien—get your friends where you can—I'll be your lover or I'll be nothing.

VIVIEN. After all these years?

LEIGH. After twice as many.

VIVIEN. (*slowly*) And what would you do to be my lover?

(*MOSTYN comes slowly down R.*)

LEIGH. Anything!

VIVIEN. Anything?

LEIGH. Try me.

(*LADY D. comes out of fireplace*)

VIVIEN. Perhaps I may some day. (*Gives him a flower which he kisses passionately*) That's enough for to night, now go away. (*goes up L.C.*)

(*VIVIEN rises and goes to conservatory L.2.E.*)

LADY D. (*to MOSTYN*) Major Mostyn, you know more of Mrs. Delmaine than you choose to tell me.

MOSTYN. Pardon me, Lady Desborough, I have admitted nothing.

LADY D. No, but you must see to what it all points. The old love story in India—her presence here to-night—*her* bearing—*his* confusion. Tell me—

MOSTYN. I will tell you one thing. I said that the time might be nearer than you thought when you would need a friend. If—I only say *if* that time has come—rest assured that you may rely upon me.

LADY D. I believe it.

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MOSTYN. (*aside*) Which was just what I wanted.

LADY D. There is one thing I cannot understand—how Dr. Streatfield could lend himself to this.

MOSTYN. Till to-night he was as ignorant as you were. The only person who knew that she was coming was—

LADY D. Desborough! Then that letter was—

MOSTYN. From Mrs. Darville. You saw—he showed it to me himself. Now you know the truth.

LADY D. Oh! (*goes up*)

MOSTYN. There is no going back after *that*, I have burnt my boats. It strikes me that the principal guests at Brackenhurst to-night are the Devil and—(*turning L. meets VIVIEN*) Mrs. Delmaine! (*who comes down L.*)

VIVIEN. (*looks round, then aside to him*) You and Desborough were talking about *me*. What's he going to do?

MOSTYN. Turn you out—unless you can get round him.

VIVIEN. How can I?

MOSTYN. He'll be alone here presently; steal down and talk to him yourself; play up the old love; loose hair, tears and a tea-gown—you know.

VIVIEN. I think I do. I'll be there.

MOSTYN. (*aside*) So will I—and perhaps someone else—who knows? (*cross to L. and stands behind settee*)

DUCH. Muriel, my dear, I don't want to hurry anybody, but what price bed?

VIVIEN. Yes, I shall be so glad, I am really tired to death after my journey.

MRS. D. Good night, dear Lady Desborough. (*Sharply to COLONEL who is smiling and talking with VIVIEN by hearth*) Myles!

VIVIEN. (*to Colonel*) You had better go, your wife is calling you. (*going up staircase*)

MRS. D. Come, Annette.

ANN. (*to CYP.*) Good night, Doctor.

CYP. Pleasant dreams.

ANN. Of the tobacconist's shop! (*going up staircase*)

BAGGI, CHISHOLK, & BEAMISH (*who have been bidding good-night to ladies, crossing to C*) Good-night, Desborough!

DES. Good night, boys, good night. (*coming down C.*)



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(BAGOT, CHISHOLM, & BEAMISH, go off L. laughing and talking)

CYP. May I have a word with you.

VIVIEN. Not now, there's a dear boy! To-morrow.

(goes to LADY D. who escorts her up staircase)

MOSTYN. Good night, Desborough (aside, I'll be down directly. I hope to goodness he isn't going to mess matters up with the Doctor. (exit L.S.E.

CYP. Coming, Desborough?

DES. No—I'm going to stay up a bit (crossing towards fire place) Good night, Cyp. (suddenly) Cyp.! we've always been good pals? I know what's on your mind—believe me it's on mine too—thanks for asking me no questions to-night—tomorrow you will find me very much at your service.

(they shake hands warmly, CYP. goes up c.)

DUCH. (from gallery) Doctor, I think you've put your foot in it this time.

CYP. (looking up to her) Yes, I'm afraid it's a case of Cyprian Streatfield scratched for his last engagement.

DUCH. Don't say that doctor, there's always the Consolation Stakes! Good night, Romeo!

CYP. Good night, Juliet. (lights gradually down)

Exit DUCH. off L.

Exit CYPRIAN L.U.E.

SERV. (enters through conservatory L., turns out lights over billiard table and closes window. Another servant brings on DES. smoking jacket and takes his evening dress coat from him and exits.)

Exit SERVANT L.

DES. (at fireplace. Looks off in direction of CYPRIAN'S exit) Poor old Cyp.! How am I going to break it to him? He seems to have some inkling of the business, but that is very different to knowing the whole story. I can't, in common honesty or honour, to say nothing of friendship—hold my tongue and let him marry Vivien Darville. What infatuation brought her here—here face to face with Muriel, my wife? To think of those two women under the same roof, my roof—drives me mad! It mustn't be, it shan't be (crosses L.) With her will, or against it, Vivien Darville must go. If she drives me to use harsh means, on her own head be it. My first duty is to my wife—her honour, her happiness are my first care—and nothing and no one shall come between her and me. I'll tell Vivien

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Darville—No! better to write. I know what an interview would mean—(*crosses*)—tears, entreaties, reproaches, protestations—painful to her, painful to me—and *useless* in the face of my determination. I'll write—(*sitting down at table, and taking up pen. Bus.*) “Dear Mrs.”—What? Either “Darville” or “Delmaine” may sound like a veiled sneer, and I don't want to hurt her more than I'm obliged. Perhaps no beginning would be best. Here goes. “I'm sure you will agree with me, that for both our sakes, your presence here is impossible”—Why it is impossible? Not if I held my tongue. No—I must make her understand at once, my fixed resolve—how can I do it without brutality? Her name—yes, that will soften it. (*crushing letter and throwing it in basket.*) “Dear Vivien—I call you so for the last time and merely in order to soften what I have to say”—What next? No. 12  
○

(MRS. DARVILLE *enters down stairs, watches DESBOROUGH a moment, then takes up hand-glass which is on table by stairs and looks at herself. She then lays down glass and crosses stage deliberately, so as just to arrive by DESBOROUGH in time to reply to the query he makes on ceasing writing. During all her entrance and business DESBOROUGH has written on silently, sometimes pausing a moment to think, then resuming.*)

DES. “Dear Vivien,” is not that too warm from me to her?

VIVIEN. You used not to think so once. “Dearest” and “Darling” were the coldest terms you had for me.

DES. (*rising*) That time in past, forgotten long ago.

VIVIEN. Forgotten, is it? Then why do I find you here alone—dreaming—at midnight—my name upon your lips?

DES. Why you find me here is best known to yourself (*pointing to table*) I was writing to you.

VIVIEN. How interesting! May I see what you have written?

DES. (*hesitating a moment*) Yes, pray do.

(*goes up and comes down R. again to fireplace*

(*up R., she crosses up to writing table, takes up letter and reads it.*

VIVIEN. (*after a brief pause*) “Dear Vivien, I call you so for the last time, and merely in order to soften what I have to say. Though it may sound cruel, it is better to tell you at once that whatever love I had for you in the past is dead long ago.—More than this; as you are aware, there are facts in that past which make your presence here an insult to my wife.”—Interesting, but incomplete. What next?

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DES. You must leave my house.

VIVIEN. Ah! (*folding up letter and putting it in her breast*)  
You mean to turn me out?

DES. Not unless you drive me to.

VIVIEN. Why?

DES. You have read my reason.

VIVIEN. Your wife? Is it my morals that render me an unfit associate for her? Surely they need not fear comparison with those of my host.

DES. My vices are my own.

VIVIEN. And your virtues are your wife's!

DES. You can say what it pleases you of *me*—that I can pass by. I have no wish to say anything of or to *you*, except that you cannot be my wife's guest (*pause*) You cannot be my friend Cyprian Streatfield's wife.

VIVIEN. (*sits*) And if I refuse to give him up?

DES. (*advancing c.*) Then I shall have to speak.

VIVIEN. "To speak"! You phrase it daintily. How long has it been the code of English gentlemen to "kiss and tell"? What have *I* done that *you* have not? What is your wife that she is so much better than I?

DES. She is my wife, remember that please.

VIVIEN. (*changing her tone and affecting the pathetic tone of appeal*) Does she love you as I did—would she give life, honour, everything to you as I did—would she give, as I would now, my every hope of happiness for one look, one word of love from you? Oh, Douglas, for the sake of the past, pity—pity! pity!  
(*sinking on her knees with hand on DESBOROUGH'S shoulder R.C.*)

DES. I will say nothing. I *wish* to say nothing if you will speak yourself. But you must not marry Streatfield—you must leave this house to-morrow.

VIVIEN. That is your last word?

DES. My last word (*crossing L.*)

VIVIEN. (*aside, merely shaping the word with her lips as he turns away*) Damn! (*rising*) So be it. I'll go as you bid me—away from peace, from *hope*—out into the world again—I am only a woman—weak, defenceless, friendless; and you have won the day. Go your way; be happy here in your home, with friends, wife, child, and all that honour and position can give to you; but should you ever hear that another wretched woman has

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sought that one refuge of the desperate—death, remember that  
 it was you who shut the door of repentance in her face, and —  
 be proud of your victory—I'm going—I'm going. No. 18  
○

*(staggers as if about to fall, so that DESBOROUGH has to catch her in his arms as she pretends to faint.)*

DES. Vivien!

MOSTYN appears on gallery with LADY D.

LADY D. Ah!

MOSTYN. Hush! *(pushes her behind curtain)*

DES. *(laying down VIVIEN on couch)* Who's there?

MOSTYN. *(coming quickly down)* All right, old chap—only me.

VIVIEN. *(recovering slightly)* Douglas!

DES. She is recovering.

MOSTYN. What's the matter?

DES. Oh, a scene, that's all. Help me to get her to her room for Heaven's sake, Mostyn, and mind not a word of this to any one—I'll tell you all to-morrow. One moment; I'll go and see if the coast's clear.

*(exit DESBOROUGH L. into billiard room)*

MOSTYN. *(pouring brandy into tumbler)* He's gone. *(VIVIEN springs to her feet)* What is it *(crossing L.)* victory?

VIVIEN. No—defeat! I'm to be driven from the house like a dog. But he shall pay for it. *(takes glass from MOSTYN)* He has spurned my love; but he forgets there is one thing left to me. *(drains tumbler)*

MOSTYN. What's that?

VIVIEN. Revenge! *(hurls glass with a crash into fireplace—*  
*fire blazes as brandy pours on it.)* No. 14  
○

*Curtain.*

END OF ACT I.

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**Act II.**  
**CALL I.**      **Hand**  
                 **Properties.**

Aylmer      Whip & Fieldglasses  
Jockeys      Whips  
Duchess of Milford      Field glass  
Annette Donnelly      Stick & Glasses  
Cyprian  
Streatfield      Stick & Glasses  
Lord Chisholm      Crop & Glasses  
Capt. Bagot      Ditto  
Major Mostyn      Ditto  
Lord Desborough      Ditto

**CALL II.**  
Mrs. Darville      Crop  
Lady Desborough      Two Flowers  
Fernside      Flower & Whip  
Mary

**CALL III.**  
Dick      Whip and Color Case  
Hammond      with Colors  
Mary  
Major Mostyn  
Desborough & everybody  
Lights to work up from Dawn,  
Pink limes and lime at  
back of clock

**Scene II.**

**CALL I.**  
Waiter      Brandy and Soda  
Mrs. Darville      Crop, written  
                 letter in desk  
                 Bundle of letters  
Major Mostyn      Written letter

**CALL II.**  
Cyprian Streatfield  
Photo frame, bundle of letters,  
pocket book, bangle on wrist,  
matchbox, Stethoscope  
Rupert Leigh      Crop  
Lights full up.

**ACT II.**

**SCENE:** *The Down, Malton, near Brackenhurst, Yorks.*  
*Moorland view, with wooded country in distance a few isolated fir*  
*trees forming foreground and wings, general effect of early morning,*  
*a slight mist when act drop rises which gradually disperses, cul-*  
*minating in sunrise. larks singing, etc.*  
**N.B.** *—The dispersal of the mist, etc., is gradual, as indicated*  
*in stage direction.*

*(As act opens a momentary pause, then enter AYLMER.*  
*String of horses hooded and clothed, with STABLE LADs,*  
*pass at back of scene from O.P. to P. and return to O.P. in*  
*front of stage.)*

**AYLMER.** Jim, is that martingale too short?

**JIM.** No, all right, sir.

**AYLMER.** Now then you Smut, sit up, don't stand on your  
'ead. it ain't a circus. Drop that curb rein, Ginger.

**GINGER.** 'Oss pulls at me, sir.

**AYLMER.** Pull, get out with yer! 'E couldn't pull a sprat off  
a gridiron. Boulter.

**BOUL.** Yes, sir.

**AYLMER.** Take the string down to the bottom and canter up  
the half mile steady. And remember all on yer, keep yer  
'ands down and yer 'eads h'up! I don't want his lordship and  
the company to think I've got 'old of a lot o' tailors.

*(horses and LADS go off R.)*

*(General laugh off L. Enter from L. DOCTOR leading*  
*cob on which is seated the DUCHESS After them follow*  
*BEAMISH and BAGOT with ANNETTE and CHISHOLM as the*  
*DUCHESS arrives she speaks)*

*(Speaking through bus. from time he perceives DUCHESS!)*  
**The Duchess! Lor! Ain't she lovely! Wot a weight carrier!**  
**There's a picture for you!**

*(CHISHOLM comes forward and takes pony's head.)*

*Printed, not published.*

## Scene III.

ALL I.  
 Ladies and  
 Gentlemen Ball Programmes  
 Mess of Melford Ditto  
 Chisholm Ditto  
 Bagot Ditto  
 Donnelly Ditto  
 Mostyn Ditto  
 Desborough Ditto  
 Donnelly Ditto  
 Brian Torn gloves and  
 Atfield signet ring.  
 Atte Donnelly

ALL II.  
 Desborough  
 Mostyn Written letter  
 Leigh  
 Darville  
 Major Mostyn and Lady  
 Desborough and everybody  
 on Scene.

Lights full up  
 Blue lime in conservatory.  
 Lengths of gas at door.

DUCH. Jump me down, Doctor.

DOCTOR jumps DUCHESS down with the result that he loses his balance and falls heavily.)

(Helping DOCTOR up) My dear Doctor! I hope you haven't hurt yourself. (coming down c.)

CYP. (rising and coming down c.) No thanks, Duchess, nowhere—I should say *nothing*—to mention.

(Stands ruefully mopping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand, and fanning himself with his hat with the other.)

DUCH. Don't fret, dear boy, I know what's upset you. Oh you needn't tell *me*, it's Mrs Delmaine's absence. *Why* did she go to town so early yesterday morning? Nobody seems to know exactly. There *wasn't* any unpleasantness about anything or anybody was there?

CYP. I—I trust not (walking to and fro with DUCHESS), I'm sure. To tell you the plain truth, Duchess, the whole thing is as much a mystery to me as to you. When she went without even seeing me, she merely left a brief note saying that she was sorry she'd made a fool of me, but that I must think of her no more—our engagement was at an end.

DUCH. Then it's all off.

CYP. Yes, off. (bus. of knocking his own hat off)

DUCH. (aside) He may be mine yet!

(ANNETTE sighs significantly)  
 Well, it may seem unkind but I can't help saying—I congratulate you.

ANN. (coming down) And so do I.

CYP. Don't, Duchess, don't Miss Donnelly—er—not just yet.

(CYP. and ANN. goes up L.  
 (AYLMER who has been hovering about obsequiously comes down.)

DUCH. Ah, good morning, Aylmer.

AYL. Good mornin', Your Grace, Good mornin'. So you've come to see the trial after hall.

DUCH. Well, if the mist is going to clear.

AYL. It's clearing up now, before Your Grace's eyes.

DUCH. And the sun, Aylmer.

AYL. And the sun, but its Your Grace's eyes what does it.

Lights gradually up

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DUCH. (*aside*) Intelligent man, this. (*aloud*) How's the Crack?

AYL. Fust rate, Your Grace, one 'ud think as he knew you was a coming to look at 'im.

DUCH. Of course I've come to look at him. Where are the horses, eh?

AYL. The 'osses, Yer Grace, the 'osses 'as just gone down to canter up the 'ill. There they go now—the favourite last.

DUCH. And going like a bird. (DUCHESS goes up)

AYL. Now that's what I calls a model of a woman, she's as mellow and as round as a 'ard biled egg. If I'd 'a' been born a duke, I'd 'a' made that woman Mrs. Joe Aylmer. Down with your aspirations Joe, she was never made for you.

*Enter DESBOROUGH and MAJOR on hucks, they ride to c. and dismount, their horses being led off by two stable lads.*

DES. Splendid! What do you think of that, Mostyn? Clipstone's as fit as a fiddle. Did he eat up last night, Aylmer?

AYL. (R.C.) Yes, my lord, licked 'is manger out clean and looked over the door for more.

MAJOR. And King of Trumps, Aylmer?

AYL. (*rather anxiously*) Wonderful improving 'oss, sir; goes better every day: I should almost fancy 'e'd a big chance for the Derby—if Clipstone wasn't in it (*aside*) If the Major goes nap on King of Trumps, it won't be my fault. (*goes up stage*)

MAJOR. (*crossing R.*) So I thought and one could win such a lot more money over an outsider.

DUCH. (*crossing to DESBOROUGH*) Desborough, you feel quite sure about this trial?

DES. Quite, Duchess. It's a certainty.

DUCH. (R.C.) I shouldn't give it away if it wasn't you know. Your horse is favourite now, but if he's beat in his trial to-day—

DES. (C.) He won't be beat, he can't be beat! He's game as a pebble, true as steel, he's the Derby winner!

(Duchess goes and sits on bank R.)

MAJOR. (*coming down joining DESBOROUGH C.*) Clipstone's going splendidly, old chap. You'll soon be rid of all your troubles as easily—as easily as you were rid of the Darville. 'Pon my soul, I never thought you'd get out of it so well. By the way, what did your wife say?

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DES. Nothing. I wish she had. I've half a mind to broach the subject myself.

MAJOR. (*quickly*) I shouldn't. I shouldn't indeed. Let the thing die a natural death. In justice to your wife you have turned the Darville out; in charity to the Darville—hold your tongue.

DES. P'raps you're right.

MAJOR. I'm sure I am. Besides, she'll never trouble you again.

DES. I hope not.

(*going R.*)

CHIS. (*up stage looking off R.*) By Jove!

DES. What is it, Chisholm?

MAJOR. (*looking off*) Mrs. Delmaine!

DES. What!

DUCH. That woman again!

(*going down L.*)

ANN. She *has* come back! (*coming down L. and sitting L.*)

CHIS. For "The boy she left behind her."

CYP. And just when I was learning to forget her!

(*coming down L.*)

Mrs. DARVILLE *rides on from R.U.E. and comes C.*

VIVIEN. How de do, Lord Desborough? How de do, everybody.

DES. (*going to her*) What is the meaning of this?

VIVIEN. Meaning of what?

DES. Of your presence here. I made no scandal, I spared you all I could, upon the sole condition of your leaving my house.

VIVIAN. I left it.

DES. You have no right here.

VIVIEN. Really! Have you bought the Downs? I thought they were free to everybody. Ah, Duchess, delightful morning, isn't it?

(*DES. goes down to MOSTYN.*)

DUCH. The *morning's* well enough.

(*seated L.C.*)

VIVIEN. Oh, I hope that doesn't mean that *you're not*. But I needn't ask, you're looking as fresh as *pant*. Ah, Doctor!

CYP. I thought you had gone to London!



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VIVIEN. No. I am staying in the village, at the White Hart. If you've anything to say come and see me there. Ah, Mr. Bagot, how de do? Lord Chisholm, how are you this morning? Are you still a dancing man? You used to be rather good at Simla.

CHIS. (*up L.C.*) I hope I'm pretty fair still, Mrs. Dar—Delmaine.

VIVIEN. So glad!—then you may keep me a waltz at your Regimental Ball to-night.

CHIS. Thanks awfully!

DES. (*coming down to Mrs. D.*) Mrs. Delmaine, you will *not* go to the Regimental Ball to-night.

VIVIEN. (*C.*) Indeed! Who will prevent me?

DES. (*C.*) If need be—I will.

VIVIEN. You *won't*! I will go where I please, do what I please. You have driven me far enough I'll go no further. Do your worst! you have turned me out of your house, you have broken off my marriage with your friend, and for what? your wife! If you are so jealous of her honour—look at home.

DES. What do you mean?

VIVIEN. What I say! Use your eyes, watch her—ay—and watch your dear friend, Geoffrey Mostyn too.

DES. You dare to say— (*putting hand on reins of her horse*

VIVIEN. What I have said! Let go my horse.

DES. No, not till—

VIVIEN. Let go, I say.

Mrs. D. *cuts* DESBOROUGH *savagely* over the hand with riding whip, turns her horse sharply and canters off *L.2.E.*, laughing.  
*General exclamation—*

MAJOR. Desborough—are you hurt?

(*putting out hand to Des's arm.*

DES. (*drawing back*) No! (*looks fixedly at MAJOR.*

MAJOR. My dear old chap! (*pausing to look at him*) What on earth do you mean?

DES. I mean—nothing! (*crosses L. and up*

MAJOR. (*aside, looking after him*) All the same I think you did: the Darville has sprung the hint on him I told her to. By Jove! I must see her this afternoon.

*Printed, not published.*

DUCH. Lor, what a vixen ! (*between trees*) Doctor she'd have ridden you sharp on the curb, you've had an escape.

CYP. 'Pon my word, Duchess, I'm beginning to think so.

No.  
16  
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DUCH. Yes, dear, you never know your luck.

*Enter LADY DESBOROUGH in pony carriage, from L.2.E. she stops c. DESBOROUGH goes forward to help her out.*

DES. Well, dear, had a pleasant drive ?

MURIEL. (*rising in carriage, but not getting out*) No. I met Mrs. Delmaine, you told me she had gone to London.

DES. I thought she had.

MURIEL. I don't believe you.

DES. Muriel ! (*at same time offering his hand to help her down. MAJOR comes forward simultaneously and offers his hand.*)

MURIEL. (*pointedly taking MAJOR's hand*) Thank you, Major. (*she gets out of carriage*)

DES. (*to MAJOR*) Pardon me, one moment, (*going between them*) Mostyn—Muriel, I—things can't go on like this between us. (*taking MURIEL L.*) I want to ask you something. (*Pause.*)

MURIEL. Well ?

*Enter FERNSIDE on pony led by groom L.1.E., and followed by MARY.*

CHIS. Hullo, youngster, you here ?

FERN. Come and lift me down, mother.

MURIEL. (*smiling, going to child*) Oh, very well (*lifts him down*) (*groom leads off pony. FERNSIDE comes down R.C.*)

DUCH. There's a sportsman for you ! Neat as ninepence and not a hair turned.

CYP. Button hole and all.

FERN. Is'nt it a beauty ?—*your* lady gave me that. I met her.

CYP. *My* lady ?

FERN. Yes, the pretty one who came to stay—and *didn't* !

ANN. (*maliciously*) Mrs. Delmaine !

DUCH. Are we never going to hear the last of that woman !  
(*going up*)

*Printed, not published.*

CALL 3.

MURIEL. (R.C.) (*with suppressed emotion*) Harold, dear, give—give that flower to me.

FERN. (L.C.) Yes, mother, (*takes flower from coat is about to give it to MURIEL but MAJOR steps forward between them and takes it*)

MAJOR. (C.) (*aside to MURIEL*) Pardon me, it is not fit for you to touch! (*drops flower and puts foot on it, apparently by accident*) Ah, how clumsy of me!

DES. (R.) (*aside down R.*) Very, if it wasn't done on purpose!

MAJOR (C.) (*aside to MURIEL*) That was your wish, I think?  
(*throwing flower away*)

MURIEL. (R.C.) Thank you, yes.

FERN. (L.C.) Oh, Major, you've spoilt my pretty flower.

MURIEL. (R.C.) Never mind, dear, mother will give you hers. (*taking flowers from dress and handing to FERNSIDE. MAJOR intercepts them*)

MAJOR. Mayn't we divide the spoil?

MURIEL. Oh yes, if you like.

(*MAJOR takes one flower, handing the rest to FERNSIDE*)

MAJOR puts flower in coat after looking at it fondly.

DES. (*Aside*) "Use your eyes, watch your wife, watch your friend Geoffrey Mostyn." Great heaven!

MURIEL. (*Who has turned away so that she is unobservant of MAJOR's business with flowers. Crosses to DES., MAJOR and FERNSIDE go up C.*) Now, (*going to him*) what is it you wish to ask me?

DES. Nothing. I think I know the answer.

MURIEL. As you please. (*draws herself up and turns away C.*)

FERNSIDE. (*Running to DES.*) Father, look—look! Here come the horses!

(*String of horses cross at back and turning walk round and round in ring. All go up to look at them.*)

DES. (*Seeing MARY going up to C.*) There will be time for FERNSIDE to stay and see the trial, eh, Mary?

MARY. (L.C.) Yes, my lord.

CYP. Fernside! Why where's he going?

(*coming to DES. from bank*)

DES. To town. To stay with my mother for a few days. My wife is anxious about him and wishes him to see Sir Luke Heron the great specialist.

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. Heron, ah! Send him to my Sanatorium.

*(goes up taking child up)*

DES. *(Going to MARY L.C.)* I suppose this is good-bye, Mary? You still won't tell me the name of the blackguard who—who has brought you to this?

*(Enter HAMMOND L., looks at DES. talking to MARY, and is going but called back by AYLMER, to whom he talks for a few seconds then goes off R.)*

MARY. I can't my lord. I shall make one more appeal myself before I go.

DES. Before you go? Then it's someone here—*someone I know!*

MARY. Don't ask me any more, my lord, I beg.

*(turns away and down L.)*

DES. *(aside)* Someone I know. *(crossing R.)* Someone here. *(going c.)* Chisholm? Bagot? Beamish? No! No! impossible.

FERN. *(running to DES.)* Father, I want you to come and tell me about the horses.

DES. Yes, all right, my boy. I'm coming. *(goes up, aside)* Someone here! Who can it be? *(goes up stage)*

MAJOR. *(coming down L.C. aside)* I must find out what Desborough was saying to her. *(aloud)* Mary?

*She goes to him, pantomime conversation between them*

DES. Now then, Aylmer, have you got the colours?

AYL. Yes, my lord. Dick 'ad better wear 'em. If "Clipstone" did nt see silk he wouldn't believe as we meant business.

MURIEL. Well, I suppose I shall meet you all again at lunch?

DES. My dear Muriel, aren't you going to see the trial?

MURIEL. Thank you, no. *(turning L. meaningly)* I have seen sufficient for one morning.

DUCH. *(Duchess comes down c.)* Quite right, dear, not to overtire yourself, you must look your best at the 48rd's ball to-night.

MURIEL. I'm afraid, Duchess, you will all have to go without me, I don't feel either in health or spirits for the ball.

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MAJOR. (to MARY) All right, all right—don't make a scene. I'll see you in London. (*turning away from her, crosses R*) Confound it! Serves me quite right though for philandering with the servants; the lower classes are so beastly moral. If Muriel were to learn of this there would be an end of my chance with her. I wonder if I could saddle Dick Hammond with it? he's in love with her, and he's an idiot. (*goes up*)

DUCH. Desborough, my dear, Muriel *must* come to the ball to-night.

DES. My dear Duchess, if Muriel does not wish to go, it's better she should stay at home. (*aside*) Thank goodness, she will not meet that woman. (*goes off R. with DUCH.*)

MAJOR. (*aside to MURIEL*) Forgive me if I say, Lady Desborough, that I'm very glad you've decided to stay away from the ball.

MURIEL. Why?

MAJOR. Because you would only be annoyed, possibly insulted, by the presence of Mrs. Delmaine.

MURIEL. Mrs. Delmaine! Will *she* be there?

MAJOR. Yes, I heard her tell Desborough so.

MURIEL. Then her leaving Brackenhurst—?

MAJOR. Was a mere blind.

MURIEL. If I thought so, I'd go there and face them!

MAJOR. If you do, don't say you are going. Let the house party go on first, you follow later.

MURIEL. I will. Come Harold, Mary, I will drive you to the station.

FERN. (*coming down to LADY DES.*) Oh mother, do let me stay and see Clipstone lick King of Trumps.

(*all go up and off R.U.E.*)

MURIEL. Very well.

ATLMER. 'Urry up there, Dick, we ain't come 'ere to live you know. (*Re-enter HAMMOND R.S.P.*)

DICK. (*coming down with colour case in his hand*) All right sir. (*others, except MARY, stroll off R.U.E.*)

MAJOR. (*intercepting him c. MARY is down L. corner*) Er—Hammond, you know I take an interest in you.

DICK. (L.C.) Very kind on you, I'm sure, sir.

*Printed, not published.*

MAJOR. (c.) You're in love with Mary Aylmer.

DICK Yes sir, have been ever since I was so high.

MAJOR. If I tell you something may I rely on you to hold your tongue?

DICK. Yes sir, you soon learn to do that in a racing stable.

MAJOR. Then take a hint from me. Lord Desborough's an old friend of mine, but he always had an eye for a pretty face, and—you understand.

DICK. Yes sir, thank you, sir, (*turning to look at MARY*) I do understand, and I take it real kind that you should think to tell me.

MAJOR. Don't mention it.

DICK. Thank you once again, sir, you're a gentleman.

(*goes to MARY L.*)

MAJOR. (*aside*) H'm! I think I've put matters in train there.

(*goes up and off R.U.E.*)

DICK. Mary, shall you be away long? (*putting on colours*)

MARY. I—I don't know, Dick. I mean—when one says good-bye, one never knows, that it mayn't be for—for much longer than one thinks.

DICK. Sometimes, of course, but not when you're only going just to London and back.

MARY. But suppose I *didn't* come back?

DICK. Mary! What do you mean?

MARY. I mean, Dick, that there comes a time in everyone's life when they have to part—to begin a new life. (*crosses to c.*)

DICK. Yes, Mary; give me a hand, dear. (*MARY ties ribbon of his cap.*) But I have always hoped that when you and I began a new life it would be together. (*DICK takes colours from case and, assisted by MARY, puts them on. He takes her hand, which is just on his shoulder, and kisses it.*) Yes, together, Mary.

MARY (*drawing hand away quickly and shrinking from him going u.c.*) Oh! Dick, Dick, don't! that's what I have been trying to say. You mustn't hope that any longer.

DICK. *Why not?* (*Going to MARY*) Mary dear, I've never told you straight out that I loved you. I thought you must have seen it ever since we was boy and girl together. But now when you talk like this—! Mary, if you weren't to come back to me, it—it would break my heart. I didn't mean to speak, but now I must. Mary, ain't you going to be my wife?

No.  
17

*Printed, not published.*

MARY. I—I can't!

DICK. Don't you love me any longer? I thought you used to love me once.

MARY. Once I was *fit* to be your wife.

DICK. And who says you ain't now?

MARY. (*after a slight pause*) I do! (DICK *steps back. Slight pause*) Dick, when you take a wife home for your mother's blessing, you must take a pure good girl. I am not that girl. You must put me out of your thoughts, Dick—out of your heart for ever (*crossing L.*)

DICK. (*going to her*) I can never put you out of my heart, Mary—but I think I understand what you mean only *too well*. Ay, and know whose work it is too! (*looking off R.*)

MARY. Dick, Dick, even if you guess, don't say—don't tell father. Promise me! (*pause*)

DICK. (*looking at her*) All right, I promise—I promise—Mary. God knows I wouldn't do a thing to add to your trouble. God help you, Mary!

MARY. Say "God bless me," Dick.

DICK. (*his voice breaking*) God bless you, Mary! (*kisses her hands*) (*MARY turns away sobbing. DICK turns up.*)

MAJOR. (*coming down, aside, sneeringly*) Mary in tears and our coming jockey a prey to emotion!—I think this is the propitious moment. Once get Desborough on the moral high horse and it's the sack for *him*, safety and a good jockey for *me*. (*to DESBOROUGH, coming down*) Desborough, anything wrong between your pretty governess and Dick Hammond? He seems to have been making her cry. (*exit R.I.E.*)

DES. (R.C.) Dick! (*aside*) Great Heaven! if *he* should be the man! (*aloud to DICK*) Hammond, come here. You'll ride your best to-day—you know how much depends on it; if you win the trial, you may win the Derby. Your future will be made, you—you'll be able to set up housekeeping (*pause, DICK stands twisting his whip*) You may be able to marry Mary. (*pause*) Well, why don't you answer?

DICK. (L.C., *doggedly*) I've nothing to say, my lord.

DES. She's been speaking to you about it—now? (DICK *makes a movement*) Don't deny it!

DICK. I wasn't a-going to deny it, my lord.

DES. And after what she has said, you are not going to marry her?

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DICK. (*looking DESBOROUGH full in the face*) No, my lord, I'm not.

DES. Why?

DICK. (*meaningly turning to him*) Perhaps your lordship can guess!

DES. You young hound!

DICK. (*menacingly*) My lord!

LADY DESBOROUGH, and others *re-enter* R.U.E.

AYLMER. Come along, Dick, look slippy!

DES. (*sternly*) Go and get on your horse. (*Dick goes up. Aside*) It's the last time you'll ever ride for me (*crossing L.*) Muriel!

MURIEL. (*coolly*) Well!

DES. If you are going to watch the trial, watch it from the carriage with Fernside and Mary. Directly it's over, drive to the station. Directly, you understand—I have my reason.

MURIEL. Certainly, if you wish it.

(*goes with MARY and FERNSIDE to carriage*)

(CLIPSTONE is mounted by DICK, and other lads mount KING OF TRUMPS and one other horse.)

AYLMER. (*speaks off to lads who ride horses out of sight R.*) You know 'ow to go all of you. Down there by the clump, over the brow, and finish past 'ere again. Steady yourselves now—don't get too close—that's it. Are you ready? (*holding up handkerchief*) Now—go! (*horses gallop by from R. to L.*)

(*from this point all watch trial through glasses*)

DUCH. They're sending 'em along, Aylmer—it's not a T.Y.C. you know—they'll not get home at that pace.

AYLMER. It's a Derby trial, your Grace, they don't 'ang about at H'epsom.

DES. Clipstone is pulling double.

MAJOR. The King is going strong, too!

DUCH. Bet you a fiver you're beat, Major.

MAJOR. Even money! (*signal for mechanical horses*) Not fair odds, Duchess, the King is an outsider.

DUCH. Well, I'll bet you three to one just for fun; I do hate looking on at anything if I've not a bet about it.

MAJOR. Three to one—done!



*Printed not published.*

AYLMER. (*aside*) Lord, ain't she a sports-laidy! and she guesses we've a bit up our sleeve, too.

CYP. There they go over the brow  
(*horses seen on brow of hill which they cross from L. disappearing to R.*)

ANN. Pretty dears—don't they look nice!

CYP. Not half as nice as you do.

DUCH. Close together—you could cover the lot with a sheet.

MAJOR. The King is in front.

AYLMER. But the winning post ain't there, sir!

DUCH. The lad's driving him already.

DES. Clipstone is hunting him.

DUCH. It's a jolly finish.

(*excitement worked up amidst shouts of "Clipstone!"*  
"Clipstone!" *Horses dash by from R. to L. again,*  
CLIPSTONE first)

DES. Clipstone! But King of Trumps is a good second.

DUCH. (*aside*) It would not have been so near a thing though if their weights were right.

AYLMER. (*aside to DES*) It's all right, my lord. I put an extra three pounds on Clipstone. The Derby's a certainty. I told you as Dick was a born 'orseman. 'E couldn't 'ave rode better if 'e'd been Barrett and Tommy Loates rolled into one (*Dick who has ridden on again from L. dismounts, AYLMEER smacks him on back*) Bravo, Dick, you'll ride the Derby winner as sure as my name's h'Aylmer.

DES. Possibly, Aylmer, but he will not ride him for me.

AYLMER. My lord! (*general exclamation*)

DES. He will not remain in my service another day. You have my orders to see that he never sets foot inside my stables again.

(*DICK dismounts*)

DUCH. Discharge Dick! Why, what's he done?

AYLMER. 'Ang it, my lord, beggin' your lordship's pardon, it ain't fair, it ain't just.

DES. You must leave me to judge of that, Aylmer. *He knows and I know.*

(*going L*)

AYLMER. Dick, what is it, lad? Tell me.

DICK. I—I can't.

AYLMER. Dick, if you've done anything wrong, ask 'is lordship's pardon, ask 'im to give you another chance.

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DICK. No, sir, I'm damned if I do! (DUCHESS, ANNETTE BAGOT, CHISHOLM, STREATFIELD *exit* L.3.E.) I'd sooner die first!

MAJOR. (*coming down*) Can't I say a word for the poor lad?

DES. Nothing that anyone can say will change my mind. He goes to-day.

AYLMER. But my lord, sacked like this 'ere! Where's he to go?

DES. To the Devil for all I care! (*exit* L.2.E.)

MAJOR. (*aside*) No, he shall come to me. (*Aside to DICK*) Meet me here at two o'clock, I will take you in my service.

*Change of Scene.*

## SCENE II.

SCENE: VIVIEN'S room in the *White Hart*, set in 2. Old fashioned panelled room in a country inn, furnished to correspond. Door L., fireplace R. Recessed window L.C. Table standing in window. Arm chair by fire.

CALL 1.

(VIVIEN enters from door in flat L.H. to commence scene. She crosses to window then turns to WAITER who has followed her and stands waiting in doorway.)

VIVIEN. Bring me a brandy and soda, quick!

(WAITER bows and goes off closing door)

(VIVIEN repeats gesture with whip as when she struck at LORD DESBOROUGH'S wrist in preceding scene.)

The cur! I made him wince at least! I wish it had been across his face! How I hate him! How I hate that supercilious wife of him. She cut me when we met this morning, cut me as if—Oh! (*throwing her whip and hat which she takes off on to table*) What wouldn't I give to be even with the pair of them.

(WAITER knocks at door L.)

Come in! (*raising her voice*) Come in! (WAITER enters)

How often am I to tell you not to knock at the door every time you come up, you idiot! Put the brandy and soda down there.

(WAITER opens brandy and soda. VIVIEN DARVILLE raps chair with crop impatiently.)

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WAITER. *H'all the soda, mum?*

VIVIEN. No, half! Anybody called?

WAITER. No, mum.

VIVIEN. Any letters?

WAITER. No, mum.

VIVIEN. Any telegrams?

WAITER. No, mum.

VIVIEN. Leave the room—(*taking off hat and throwing it with whip on table.*) Take those things to my maid. Get out.

WAITER. Yes, mum. (*exits L. 2 E.*)

VIVIEN. (*takes brandy and soda and has a long drink at it. She then sets down the glass and commences to pull off her gloves viciously, pacing up and down the while. Sits R.*) Bow, bow! I'd make her bow if I had my way, bow her head, bow her pride! bow her soul! down—down to the dust! And I will too! (*rising. Throwing her gloves on the table*) Why doesn't Mostyn come to me? If I stay here much longer, I shall go mad!

*Enter MAJOR L. 2 E.*

At last! I have waited here in this miserable den at your request for two whole days. What is it that you want me to do?

MAJOR. Exceptional woman—comes to the point at once! what I want is this; you hate Desborough, I love his wife. You want revenge, I want—the lady. It is through her only that you can strike at him. Thanks to the judicious hint you dropped to-day, *he* is jealous of *me*. Thanks to your remaining here, *she* is jealous of *you*. She is high spirited, excitable, with a little cleverness they might be parted, and then—

VIVIEN. He might be mine again!

MAJOR. At any rate there'd be a chance for both of us. There's a little document I should like you to hear.

VIVIEN. Is it interesting?

MAJOR. I think so. (*goes to table*) Listen to this.

(*taking letters from his pocket which he reads*)

“Dear Mary, much as I regret the necessity, I see that you must go. It would be impossible to keep the secret from Lady Desborough for long if you were in the same house. Pray don't distress yourself by thinking that I shall be hard on you—or that I shall ever reproach you with the past. As to your future, that I will make my

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care ; and rest assured, that for money, for protection, for sympathy, for whatever you need, you may always rely upon—Desborough." Now, if that had only been written to you !

VIVIEN. But it's not written to me.

CALL 2.

MAJOR. No ; it might be made to appear as if it were though, if instead of " Dear Mary " it commenced " Dear Vivien."

VIVIEN. As the letter commenced which he was writing to me when I surprised him in the hall two days ago (*takes letter from box and compares them*) also, you'll observe, on a nice clean sheet of Brackenhurst paper, crest and all.

MAJOR. (*taking letter*) " Dear Vivien, I call you so for the last time," etc., etc. The very thing, and now I'll show you how to utilize it. You see, I put these letters together exactly one over the other, so. Now, (*folding them over and going to tear them in a straight line* VIVIEN stops him.)

VIVIEN. No, you don't.

MAJOR. Of course, how stupid of me—straight line. I tear them both across together, exactly below the words " Dear Vivien," and " Dear Mary." (*suiting the business to the words*) Now we'll put the heading of the one to " Dear Vivien " to the contents of " Dear Mary's " letter, and they fit exactly ! Don't you think that Lady Desborough will be thoroughly delighted when she reads this ?

Viv. (c.) When will you show it to her ?

MAJOR. (R.C.) To-night, at the ball, just when she's thoroughly exasperated at meeting you. (*VIVIEN crosses laughing*)

Viv. (R.) But who is going to take me, are you ?

MAJOR. No, Lady Desborough wouldn't like that ! - but Rupert Leigh would for the asking. I gave him an imaginary message from you, asking him to call here this morning at twelve. It's nearly that now.

Viv. (*thinking deeply, going R. and coming back to MAJOR*) Yes, yes—but after—after—what will all this lead to ? How will it help me ?

MAJOR. If my letter convinces Lady Desborough that her husband is unfaithful, she will leave him, and if she does, I shall take care that it will be under circumstances that thoroughly

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compromise her with *me* :—then will come *your* chance with Desborough, and if you can't take advantage of it, you will have no one to blame but yourself. You understand me clearly? Quite so, till this evening, then, good-bye.

(*puts other portion of letters on table, L. C., exit L. 2 R.*)

VIV. My chance! (*looking at glass*) Yes, if the old charm has not quite deserted me! My chance to wake the old love again—to make it burn and blaze a thousand times more fiercely than before—to make him mine—mine to ruin body and soul with as little mercy as he has shown to me.

(*CYP. knocks at door L.*)

VIV. Come in!

(*CYP. knocks a second time*)

VIV. (*at the fireplace, with her back to door, shouts*) Come in! (*CYP. enters L.2.R. VIV., without turning round*) Didn't I tell you not to knock, you idiot!

CYP. (*entering*) I—I don't remember your doing so.

VIV. (*turning round*) Oh! it's you, is it? I didn't mean to call you an idiot.

CYP. Thank you.

VIV. Not but what you are one. So you've come to see me. You haven't lost much time.

(*going and seating herself in armchair R. by fire*)

CYP. I—no—I—er (*aside*) I never dreamt she had such a temper! She looks thundering fine in one I must say.

VIV. (*suddenly and emphatically*) Well! (*CYP. jumps nervously*) Haven't you got anything to say?

CYP. Ye—yes.

VIV. And you're thinking how to say it?

CYP. Not exactly. (*blurted out the truth*) I was thinking how handsome you looked in a rage.

VIV. (*somewhat mollified*) Ah! well, you didn't come here to pay me compliments, I suppose?

CYP. Er—no—er.

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VIV. Rather the reverse. But now you're here you can't help doing it. Just like a man, you're all fools. *(quietly)* Why I could have you at my feet again in two minutes if I chose. *(CYP. looks nervously at door and goes up as if meditating flight)* Oh, don't be afraid, I don't choose. Well! *(CYP. coughs)* I presume you haven't come here to cough and twiddle your hat. What is it? Out with it!

CYP. *(sheepishly producing bundle of letters)* I—I've come to return you your letters, and—and—if you don't mind, I should like mine back. *(giving letters)*

VIV. Certainly, they're of no manner of use to me! I'll get them for you directly. For goodness sake, man, don't stand fidgetting there! My nerves are all to pieces as it is. Sit down!

CYP. But—

VIV. *(loudly)* Sit down! *(CYP. collapses into chair E. of table)*

CYP. Oh certainly, if you wish, but—

VIV. Have a whisky and soda?

CYP. No, thank you.

VIV. Have a cigar?

CYP. N—no, thank you.

VIVIAN. Have a cigarette?

CYP. No thank you.

VIV. *(explosively)* Well!

CYP. *(jumps half out of chair, drops hat and stick, picks one up then drops it again in picking up the other aside)* I wish to goodness she wouldn't keep on firing "Well" at me like that, she knocks every word out of my head. *(he mops his forehead with his handkerchief)* I—I thought that as it was all over between us I ought to return your presents. *(gets up, crosses to window and intrenches himself behind table)*

VIV. What on earth are you doing?

CYP. I wanted the table to lay out the presents on, the relics of the past. There's the matchbox you gave me.

*(laying it on table)*

VIV. Thanks. Alter the initials, it'll do for somebody else.

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CYP. Your photograph in the silver frame.

VIV. It isn't silver, but we'll let that pass.

CYP. There's the pencil case and the note book.

VIV. Nothing compromising in it I hope.

CYP. Nothing but the address of a chiropodist and a prescription for whooping cough. *(he stoops down and looks for hat)*

VIV. What are you doing now?

CYP. I'm looking for my hat.

VIV. I didn't give you that.

CYP. *(tragically)* No, but you gave me what's in it.

VIV. *(touches her head saying)* No, no, I'm not responsible for that.

CYP. I did not mean that, madam, I meant this *(producing stethoscope)* The stethoscope I wanted and you got for me—you had it inscribed "from Vi-Vi to her Cyp." *(he gives a deep sigh and lays his hat at one end of the table, and the stethoscope at the other, he stands behind the table and arranges all the things on it in a symmetrical row, he then pulls up his coat sleeve)*

VIVIEN. What are you going to do? *(she bursts out laughing)* Oh, oh, excuse me, but you do look exactly as if you were going to give a conjuring entertainment; have you got a bowl of gold-fish in your hat, or is it a couple of white guinea-pigs up your sleeve?

CYP. *(reproachfully)* Neither *(pulling up sleeve still further)* This is what I was trying to get off *(producing bangle)* You gave it to me that summer night when we were off "the distant Aden."

VIVIEN. My bangle! I might have known you were a ninny or you wouldn't have worn such a thing. You're not a bad sort in your way, but you were born for women to make a fool of. What's the Duchess given you, a dog-collar? or is it a muzzle from Miss Donelly?

CYP. Vivien, your levity is heartless.

VIVIEN. It's impossible to take you seriously, that's why I gave you up.

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CYP. Don't talk of me as if I were a riddle.

VIVIEN. I won't—I'll go and get you your letters and souvenirs and let you go. *(laughing. crosses to L. door and off)*

CYP. That's all right. I was half afraid she wasn't going to give them to me back, and I'm sure Annette would like that diamond and turquoise bracelet, it's a beauty, and I haven't paid for it yet.

*(MRS DELMAINE re-enters L. with packet of letters)*

VIVIEN. There are your letters *(crossing R. and laying letters on table inadvertently just on top of the fragments MOSTYN has left there)* and now I needn't detain you any longer.

CYP. *(going to table, taking them)* Ye-es—thank you.

VIVIEN. Good-bye! *(turning from him)*

CYP. Er—good-bye!

VIVIEN. Well!

*(CYP. starts turns letters over and over, looks at them, then at her, then back at them.)*

Well, what is it? Aren't they all there?

CYP. Yes, they're all there—all the letters.

VIVIEN. Then what are you waiting for?

CYP. Well, I thought perhaps as I'd returned your presents you might like to—to—

VIVIEN. To keep yours? By all means! You've behaved so nicely about the whole affair that I couldn't refuse a little thing like that. Certainly I'll keep them, and I'll promise to think of you whenever I wear them. Good-bye, dear Doctor Streatfield—no, for the last time—dear, dear, dear Cyp.

*(pretending to cry and finally bursting out into a loud laugh)*

CYP. *(aside)* I shall have to buy an entirely new set of presents! In all the thirteen times I've been engaged nobody ever thought of keeping them before. Good-bye, my dear Mrs. Delmaine.

*(stops swinging his arms)*

VIVIEN. No—no! For the last time. My dear Vivien!

CYP. My dear Vivien! *(aside)* My very dear—at any price—Vivien!

*(exit door L.H.)*



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VIVIEN. Ha! ha! ha! (*crossing R.*) No woman who really respects herself ever returns presents worth having. Poor Cyp! And some of his presents are nice, quite nice.

(*laughing, sitting in chair*)

*Enter LEIGH R.C.*

(*suddenly changing tone*)  
Ah, Rupert, how good of you to come—just when I was feeling so lonely—just when I wanted a friend.

RUP. I came because you sent for me.

VIVIEN. You were surprised to hear I had not gone to town?

RUP. I'm never surprised to hear anything about you—now.  
(*turning to put down his hat on table sees the presents left by the Doctor*) What the—what is all this?

VIVIEN. Eh—er—you know I've broken off my engagement with the Doctor, I found it was impossible for me to love him, and so, poor fellow, he's been here—it was a very painful interview—to return the few little nick nacks I gave him.

RUP. Nick-nacks! (*picking up stethoscope, reads inscription*)  
“From Vi-Vi to her Cyp.” “Cyp!”—Sap!

VIVIEN. Hem! sentiment was his weakness, one had to humour him.

RUP. What the deuce you could ever see in him beats me.

VIVIEN. You forget how lonely I was.

RUP. You need not have been. (*going to her*) One word from you would have brought me from the end of the world.

VIVIEN. How could I tell that you had not forgotten me?

RUP. I'm not the sort of chap that forgets, and you're not the sort of woman to be forgotten.

VIVIEN. Oh, Rupert, Rupert! if I'd only known! How true it is that you never know the value of a thing till you have lost it! When I think of those dear old days in India—

RUP. (*getting up*) When you preferred Desborough to me.

VIVIEN. (*rises and goes R.*) I don't deny it. When we are happy we seek those we love—in sorrow we turn to those who love us; or perhaps I ought to say, those who loved us once.

RUP. (*goes to VIVIEN R.C.*) Vivien, to love you once is to love you always; but I'm not a boy now to sigh for love and get nothing in return—I'm a man who wants to be your lover.

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VIVIEN. I know it.

RUP. And that's why you sent for me ?

VIVIEN. Perhaps ! (*crossing o.*) But I want *proof* of love before I give it. No. 22

RUP. Any proof you like.

VIVIEN. Any ? (*quickly*) Then help me pay my debt to Desborough.

RUP. Debt !

VIVIEN. Of insult ! You know how he treated me in India. He has turned me out of his house, vilified me to his wife, slandered me to Streatfield. Rupert (*putting hand on him*) Have you the courage to be my champion in the face of your Colonel and brother officers, and take me to the ball to-night ?

RUP. You know what you are asking me to do ?

VIVIEN. Fully.

RUP. The Desboroughs are the big people in the county, the Colonel is hand and glove with them. It means for certain my having to exchange, it means perhaps the loss of my commission.

VIVIEN. You asked me to put you to the proof.

RUP. And you won't find me flinch if you are prepared to pay the price. Your love—yourself ! Yes or no ?

VIVIEN. (*quickly, kissing him*) Yes !  
(*he tries to hold her, but she pushes him away*)

But not yet. There is something else that you must do — help me to punish Desborough. I'll show you how. When that is done—when he is at my feet— then—*then* you may ask me for everything I have to give ! (*lights down*)

*End of Scene.*

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SCENE III.

CALL 1.

*The Regimental Ball, York. Decorations, palms, flags, etc ,* <sup>No. 24</sup>  
*Large folding doors R.U.E. Large opening leading into another*  
*room L.2. and 3. Rout seats round walls, etc , down L. and R.*  
*A waltz is just concluding when scene opens.*

(COLONEL DONEILLY, BAGOT, BEAMISH and other OFFICERS  
*are dancing, also LORD CHISHOLM who has been dancing*  
*with the DUCHESS. They finish waltz in c of stage.)*

DUCH. Thanks, Chisholm, my dear, I haven't enjoyed a  
 dance so much for years. Anyone seen the Doctor?

MRS. D. (*coming down with COL. L.C.*) He was dancing with  
 Annette just now and I think they are in the refreshment room.

DUCH. (c.) He don't seem to feel the loss of his fiancée  
 much, does he?

MRS. D. (l.) No doubt he is grateful to be rid of such a  
 woman. If she had come here to-night, I, for one, should have  
 cut her.

COL. (l.c.) Well, well, dear, there's no chance of her coming.

CHIS. (c.) I'm not so sure. From what she said this morning,  
 it wouldn't surprise me if she turned up at any minute.

DUCH. My dear, she'd never have the assurance.

MRS. D. The impertinence.

CHIS. Don't forget she has got our card of invitation—sent  
 through Streatfield.

COL. Oh, tut—tut—she'd never use it now she's off with  
 him.

CHIS. Well, I only know she asked me this morning to keep  
 her a waltz.

DUCH. and MRS. D. And have you?

CHIS. Ahem! Well there is still a blank on my card.  
*(shewing card)*

DUCH. (*taking card from him*) Then the sooner it's filled up  
 the better! (*writes her own name*) But you can sit it out with  
 me if you'd rather.

E

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DES. (*coming down anxiously*) Anyone seen Leigh? I haven't set eyes on him all the evening.

MRS. D. (L.) I should say that he was in the refreshment room probably.

DUCH. (c.) Or sampling bad brandy in the bar downstairs—less chance of being interrupted there.

*Enter DOCTOR and ANNETTE.*

MRS. D. (L.) Ah, here's the Doctor with dear Annette.

DUCH. (c. *aside*) Bother dear Annette. She's making the running very hard, but when it comes to staying, back an old 'un. (*smacking herself on chest, goes up*)

COL. (L.C. *aside to DES.*) What are ye worrying about, Desborough, my boy? You're looking devilish glum.

DES. (to COL.) Colonel—I—I can't help thinking how confoundedly awkward it would be if that woman—Mrs. — er—Delmaine were to come here after all.

COL. Ah, get away with you, who'd have the cheek to bring her?

DES. Leigh!

COL. (to DES.) Nonsense!

DES. I hope you're right. Come on the balcony, and have a cigarette. (*Exit COLONEL and DESBOROUGH to balcony*)

*Enter MAJOR L.C.E. (coming down c.)*

MAJOR. No sign of either of them, no Muriel, no Darville. Have they both turned coward at the last minute? If the row had come off as I had hoped to-night, it would have left the game in my hands. There's a carriage. Perhaps it's one of them at last. (*goes up to balcony*)

CALL 2.

DUCH. (*coming down c.*) So you've come back to dance the Cotillon with me, Doctor?

CYP. (R. *exchanges glances with ANNETTE*) I'm afraid Duchess, I shall be no use. I've never quite arrived at what a Cotillon is.

DUCH. (c.) No more have I, my dear—but I've danced it hundreds of times. It's a glorious muddle of "Forfeits," "Oranges and Lemons," and "Kiss in the Ring," with a dash of "Hunt the Slipper" thrown in, set to popular music, given a French name and danced by Society with a capital S.

CYP. Dear me!

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DUCH. And you're going to dance it with me?

CHIS. (*coming forward*) Pardon me Duchess, I've arranged this Cotillon. You don't choose your own partners, it's left to luck. Two people hold up a sheet, the ladies stand one side and the men the other. The men put their hands over the sheet, the ladies choose which hands they like and trust to luck for who are at the end of them.

(*The group moves slightly to one side, all talking excitedly together.*)

*Enter MURIEL R.U.E. MAJOR meets her C.*

MAJOR. Let me be the first to welcome you on behalf of the 48rd.

MUR. Thank you! (*half aside*) Is that woman here?

MAJOR. Not yet.

MUR. I can hardly believe him so utterly false even now—ah, if I were only sure!

MAJOR. Lady Desborough, I feel it is my duty to convince you. It would be cruel not to tell you what I know. Read this letter which you see someone meant to destroy.

(*gives her two bits of letter*)

MUR. (*after reading letter*) Great Heaven! Where did you find this?

MAJOR. In the hall, after you saw them, you remember?

MUR. Yes.

MAJOR. You are convinced.

MUR. Yes, yes—quick—let us go! I don't want anyone to see me. Can't you take me somewhere where I shan't be seen till she comes?

MAJOR. Certainly. There is a conservatory beyond the refreshment room.

(*Exeunt L.2.E.*)

CHIS. But my dear Miss Donelly, the figure is as simple as ABC.

CYP. It sounds as complicated as Bradshaw.

CHIS. It isn't, believe me. You'll see in a minute.

(*goes C. General movement*)

DUCH. (*to CYP.*) Why, Doctor, you've split your glove.

CYP. Have I? (*looks at his hand*) So I have. It's my signet ring, I suppose. What a nuisance!

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DUCH. (*to herself*) Lavender gloves, split fourth finger, signet ring. I think I shall know which hand to choose.

CYP. (*aside to ANNETTE*) I hope you'll be my partner.

ANN. Impossible! You've shown your hand to the Duchess.

CYP. What do you mean?

ANN. She'll recognise your torn glove.

CYP. (*ANNETTE points to split glove*) Eh? Oh, I'll soon fix that up. (*goes up stage*) Bagot! Bagot!

(*BAGOT comes down putting on glove*)

Here, give me your glove, Bagot; put on mine, this ring (*gives them*) fourth finger—put e'm on.

BAGOT. But why? What for? (*exchange of gloves.*)

CYP. Joke, my boy, lovely joke. Go on. I'll tell you presently (*comes back to ANNETTE*) That's all right. Mind, a white glove.

ANN. But how shall I know?

CYP. Oh, the deuce! I know—split in the palm. I'll apologise to Bagot presently. (*tears glove up middle*)

CHIS. Come along with that sheet, you chaps.

(*Two OFFICERS stand c. up and down stage holding sheet extended above level of their heads.*)

CHIS. Now, ladies and gentlemen, places for the Cotillon please. Ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left.

(*LADIES collect one side of room, MEN the other. MAJOR re-enters from L.2.E.*)

MAJOR. Why the devil doesn't the Darville come!

CHIS. Desborough! Where on earth is Desborough? Go and hunt him up, Beamish. (*BEAMISH exits L.*)

*Enter MRS. DARVILLE with RUPERT LEIGH R.*

VIVIEN. (*down R.*) What are they doing?

RUP. Looks like a Cotillon.

VIVIEN. How charming! Let's stand here for a minute—we won't disturb them.

MAJOR. (*coming forward*) At last! (*going R. to VIVIEN*) Excuse me, Leigh (*aside to Mrs. D.*) How late you are, but there's just time. You must dance this Cotillon. (*crossing from R. to L.*)

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VIVIEN. Why?

MAJOR. Desborough will be in it. You must be his partner. His wife must see you together. Quick! take your place among the women—hide your face with your fan. I'll give you the signal where he stands from me — one, two, three. You understand?

VIVIEN. Perfectly.

*(she goes down to O.P. corner. During this time bus. down stage)*

MAJOR. Splendid! *(goes deliberately to balcony)* Desborough, they are calling you *(sheet brought on)*

DES. *(coming to opening)* What is it?

CHIS. Oh, there you are! Come along for the Cotillon.

DES. No, thanks, old boy, I'd rather not dance.

CHIS. Nonsense! We can't do the figures without you.

DES. Oh, very well.

*(Bus. of choosing partners. BEAMISH, BAGOT, CYP. one side one Lady, DUCHESS and ANNETTE. LADY takes BEAMISH's hand; they come down and turn R. DUCHESS puts on pincenez and carefully inspects hands. ANNETTE suppressing laughter behind her.)*

DUCH. Give me first choice, my dear?

ANN. Certainly, Duchess.

DUCH. Yes, that's it, lavender glove, split fourth finger, signet ring. *(triumphantly)* I've got it.

*(comes down with BAGOT, CYP., and ANN. close behind her)*

DUCH. *(looking at BAGOT)* What! Done!

ANN. By a head, Duchess.

BAGOT. *(aside to CYP.)* I say, Cyp, is this your idea of a lovely joke?

CYP. No, old chap. You'll find it serious this time.

*(They go R. and L. Other couples choose. Finally DES. comes last of all. MAJOR who stands down stage L. beckons to VIV. who is down stage R. She comes forward. MAJOR holds up one finger. She selects DES's hand. They come down together. He turns to bow to her.)*

DES. Vivien! Mrs. Delmaine!

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VIVIEN. Well, will you dance with me, or will you make a scene?

DES. Dance, I suppose, there's no help for it! (*aside*) Thank God Muriel isn't here! (*clapping hands*)

CHIS. Waltz, please.

(*General waltz.* CHISHOLM standing o. Enter from L MAJOR and MURIEL.

MAJOR. (*pointing to DES.*) You see.

MUR. Yes!

MAJOR. What are you going to do?

MUR. What time does the Scotch express go south?

MAJOR. At 2.30.

MUR. What is it now?

MAJOR. Quarter past—why?

MUR. I have time to reach the station.

MAJOR. You—you are going to leave him?

MUR. I am going to leave him.

MAJOR. (*gasp of satisfaction*) A—ah!

(*and as DESBOROUGH and VIVIEN stop o. MURIEL comes forward and confronts him PRINCIPALS stop dancing in front, others continue dancing at back.*

DES. Muriel—you here?

MUR. Yes.

COL. (*coming forward*) Lady Desborough!

MUR. Colonel Donnelly, will you kindly have my carriage called.

COL. (*stepping back*) Ah, sure Lady Desborough you'll not be leavin' us when you've only just arrived.

MUR. I regret to say I must. When I accepted your invitation, and that of the officers of the 48th Hussars, I did not expect to be insulted by the presence of my husband's mistress. (*points to VIVIEN who drops her bouquet*).

(*DESBOROUGH amazed, falls back. MURIEL sweeps up stage escorted by MAJOR. LEIGH comes R. of VIVIEN, who takes his arm.*

*Picture.*

*Curtain.*

END OF ACT II.



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**Act III.**  
**Scene I.**      **Hand Properties.**

CALL I.

Waiter  
Boots                      With brushes,  
                                 blacklead, &c.

Major Mostyn  
Lady Desborough

CALL II.  
Lord Desborough  
Waiter

Lights half up.

CALL I. Music to open.

**Scene II.**

CALL I.

Extra Gentlemen to cross.

Mrs Donnelly                      Briefs  
Duchess of Milford              Walking Stick  
Col. Donnelly  
Cyp. Streatfield.  
Guide

CALL II.

Desborough  
Major Mostyn  
Langford      Bag with Documents  
Mary Aylmer  
Cyprian Streatfield  
Lady Desborough } and  
Fernside              Solicitor  
Annette Donnelly  
Rupert Leigh  
Cyp. Streatfield

Boots, Waiter, Chambermaid

CALL III

The Duchess of Milford  
Mrs. Donnelly  
Colonel  
Lord Desborough & Solicitor  
Lady Desborough & Fernside  
Solicitor

Lights half up,

**ACT III.**

SCENE :—*The Great Railway Hotel. (Set in 3). Stiff cheerless looking sitting room, furnished in the customary hotel style. Round table with chairs L.C. Settee couch set diagonally up and down stage R.C. Windows at back, and blinds drawn down. Doors L.U.E. and R.L.E., also a fireplace L., in which is laid fire.*

*At commencement of Act the Hotel "Boots" is on his knees L. lighting fire. WAITER enters from door R.*

WAITER. Now then, Boots, look slipper with that fire. The party as the rooms is ordered by, is arrived.

BOOTS. Come by the mail ?

WAITER. Yes. Major and Mrs. Mostyn. (*goes to windows back and draws blinds up. Gas ½ up. A strip of cold grey sky is seen, over chimney pots opposite, as if it were early dawn*) Now then, come along with yer. (*Exit door L.*)

BOOTS. (*looking at fire*) Yes, I think it'll burn up now. 80  
(*yawning*) Lor, if I was a swell I wouldn't travel at this time o' night. I'd be in bed, that's where I'd be. (*yawns again rises and exits hurriedly L.*)

*A moment's pause. MUSIC. Then re-enter from R. WAITER showing in LADY DESBOROUGH and MAJOR MOSTYN, and going to R. of sofa.*

WAITER. These is the rooms, sir, as you h'ordered by telegraph, sitting room and bed room; numbers two 'undred and four and five.

MAJOR. Thanks. They'll do very well.

MURIEL, *who does not hear this, has crossed to the fireplace and let her cloak drop from her shoulders—she gives a slight shiver.*

MAJOR. (*to WAITER, half aside*) Don't wait.

WAITER. No, sir, (*going L. aside*) What's *she* bin a doing hof, travelling in 'er ball dress—and 'im in full uniform? Looks fishy to me. *Helopement, H'I should say. Exit door R.U.F.*

MOSTYN *takes off Hat and places it on table.*

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## Scene III.

Extra Ladies and Gents.

Aylmer Cane &amp; Catalogue

Hammond

Chisholm Cane, Pocket Book  
& Catalogue

Lord Desborough

Cyp. Streatfield Ditto

Col. Donnelly Ditto

Capt. Bagot Ditto

CALL II.

Major Mostyn Cane &  
Catalogue

Annette Donelly

CALL III.

Duchess and Everybody

Lights full up.

MUR. (*looks up and round room. She again gives a little shiver.*) How dreary and miserable it all looks in the grey light.

MAJOR. Yes. (*coming to her*) I'm awfully sorry.

MUR. (L.) It's I who should be sorry for all the trouble I've put you to. I can never thank you enough for your kindness and consideration to me in my need.

MAJOR. (*up L.C.*) My dear Lady Desborough, a night journey to town is no such great feat.

MUR. (L.) You shouldn't have taken it had I known.

MAJOR. (L.C.) So I imagined, and that's why I said "Good-bye" at York, and got into a smoking carriage at the back of the train. (*she shivers again*) Are you cold?

MUR. (L.) (*passing her hand over her forehead*) Yes—no, I suppose I am, but the chill comes from here! (*laying her hand on her heart*) not from outside. What is life going to be for me from to-day, I wonder? Cold and grey and hopeless like that sky. O—oh! (*her voice breaking, she turns away*)

MAJOR. (L.C.) There there, Lady Desborough, you've borne it bravely, try not to break down, things are brighter than you think. You're tired: (*going down R. taking off gloves*)

MURIEL. (*wearily*) Yes, I'm tired (*going C.*) I'll say good night to you, or rather good morning. Thank you a thousand times for all your goodness—your kindness. I don't know what I should have done without you. (*holding out her hand*) Good-bye!

MAJOR. (R.C.) (*taking her hand and holding it*) Not "Good-bye," Lady Desborough; I hope it's never going to be that between us again.

MURIEL. (C.) Major Mostyn, what do you mean?

MAJOR. (R.C.) I mean—that I love you! It's all told in those three words. You know I loved you years ago; it isn't possible but you should have known that I've loved you ever since; that I love you now, more, ay, ten thousand times more than ever.

MURIEL. (C.) Stop, stop, don't say such things—don't spoil all your goodness. Remember that I am a wife (*going L.*)

MAJOR. (R.C.) As if I could forget it—it takes Desborough to do that. He who won you to cast you away for a thing like Vivien Darville. (*going round couch R.C.*)

MURIEL. Oh, don't, don't. I'm weary, I'm heart sick (*crosses to couch C. and sits*) with the baseness of it all. If, as you say,

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you love me, go away. For God's sake let me think one man in the world is honest—is true.

*(She sinks down on couch, crying; the MAJOR pauses a moment, then crosses and stands beside her.)*

MAJOR. *(coming down c.)* Muriel! *(she starts)* Yes, I don't mean to call you by *his* name ever again. Cowardly or not, I love you; more, I mean to tell you so *(she attempts to rise; he holds her)*, and with your will, or against it, you've got to hear me. You say you're miserable and weary, then trust yourself to me and I'll be your lover, your slave, your dog, anything you will. Your happiness shall be my only thought, to bring the light back into your eyes and into your life, my only care. Don't let shadows come between us—"wife," "marriage,"—they are only words. I love you, Muriel, I love you! I'm hungry for you, for the cling of your arms about me, for the touch of your lips on mine! Muriel, give me back love for love! *(kneeling by the couch and putting his arm round her as he finishes)*

*(She starts up and away from him, going L.)*

MUR. How dare you say such things to me! How dare you! I *was* grateful to you, but now you make me hate you! Leave me, leave this room at once, and I'll try if I can, to forget what you've said.

MAJOR. *(crossing to her)* No, I don't *want* you to forget what I've said—I don't *mean* you to, and I'm not going to leave this room.

MUR. Then I will! *(going up L.)*

MAJOR. *(who has been getting to door R.U.E.)* Pardon me, not just yet! *(locks door and puts key in his pocket. She makes movement)* Now, Muriel, since you won't listen to love, listen to reason.

*(coming down c.)*

MUR. *(R.C.)* I will listen to nothing from you.  
*(going down in front of couch)*

MAJOR. *(c.)* Oh yes, you will, you've no choice. First of all, I am here, and I am going to stay here. *(taking off overcoat and throwing it on to couch)* Understand that! Now, look here, Muriel, you've gone too far to go back, even if you wished it, even if Desborough would take you, which he wouldn't. You've discovered he was untrue, and to punish him you've left him—left him with me!

MUR. *(R.C.)* It's false, utterly, wickedly false!

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MAJOR. (c) Is it? You'll find that devilish difficult to prove. Just think it over. To whom did you turn for sympathy and countenance at the ball, to *me*. Who accompanied you to the station in your own carriage, driven by your own servant, *I* did. Who escorted you to London, travelling in the same train? *I* did. Who telegraphed for these rooms from Peterboro'—rooms at which we arrive together—rooms we've been alone in since our arrival—rooms taken for us in the names of Major and Mrs. Mostyn—

MUR. Ah!

MAJOR. *I* did!

MUR. I—I won't believe it. You couldn't be so vile, so wicked. You're trying to frighten me.

CALL 2.

MAJOR. You shall look at the Hotel book, if you doubt. You'll find we are here as man and wife!

MUR. Oh! It's a plot, (*going up back of couch*) a plot you've made to ruin me, (*coming down again*) a trap into which I've fallen. How blind I've been! Oh, my God, what shall I do?

(*going up in front of couch when MOSTYN stops her*)

MAJOR. Accept the situation. It's only a nine days' scandal, a divorcee. (*forcing her down to R.C.*)

MUR. A divorcee!

MAJOR. And then I'll marry you, upon my honor, I will.

MUR. Marry you, I'd rather die!

(*breaking away from him and going L.*)

MAJOR. Tchah! You'll learn to look at it differently—Muriel!

(*following her*)

MUR. Don't touch me! Don't speak to me.

(*turning herself round and going L.C.*)

MAJOR. (*going to her*) If that's the tone, my lady, I must lower it a little. You're here as my wife. You've either got to yield me love for love, and kiss for kiss willingly, or I'll *make* you!

MUR. You daren't offer me violence, I defy you.

MAJOR. Do you? That's dangerous! (*advancing again*)

MUR. (*terrified, brokenly, retreating L.*) Major Mostyn! for pity's sake, don't disgrace your manhood! Remember—

MAJOR. I remember nothing but *you*. This is the moment I've worked and waited for, and it's mine—mine, as *you* shall be.

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MUR. No, no, no !

MAJOR. *(springing on her unexpectedly, and catching her in his arms)* I'll turn that "No" into "Yes."

*(taking her hands and dragging her towards couch)*

MUR. *(struggling with him)* Help ! help !

MAJOR. Muriel. Why can't you care for me ? Muriel !

MUR. *(with a great effort breaks away from him)* Oh, help ! help ! Oh, God help me ! My head's swimming. If I should faint ! *(she sees the MAJOR approaching her again and screams. She runs from him, he pursuing her round the room)* Ah ! the other room *(she reaches the door L., rushes through it and slams it in the MAJOR's face, the key turns audibly in the lock as he reaches it.*

MAJOR. Locked !

*(the handle is tried of door B. then a loud knocking on it)*  
What's that !

DES. *(off L.)* Open the door, there ! Do you hear ? Open this door.

MAJOR. Desborough ! I thought he wouldn't be long after us.

*(starting. Goes to chair at fireplace and takes LADY DESBOROUGH'S cloak and places it on couch C. alongside his own military cloak. DESBOROUGH hammering on the door and speaking while he does so.*

DES. Open this door. Muriel ! Major Mostyn ! I know you are here ! Open the door. Open it ! Open it, I say ! *(shaking it vehemently)* If you don't, by heaven. I'll break it in !

MAJOR. I think that'll do.

*(crosses to door L. and opens it, receding from it so as to face DESBOROUGH when he rushes in. The two men stand facing each other for a moment in silence.*

DES. So ! You infernal blackguard, I've found you, have I ?

MAJOR. It looks like it. I'll thank you to choose your language a little better, though, Lord Desborough.

DES. Choose my language—to you ! But that's enough ! I'll talk to you presently. First, I've something to say to her. Where is she ?

MAJOR. Who ?

DES. *(shouting)* My wife !

MAJOR. She's not here !

DES. Liar ! I know she is ! I've tracked the pair of you from York. Ah, she's in that room. *(crossing quickly to door B.*

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MAJOR. (*rushes over and throws himself in front of door*) You shan't pass here!

DES. What! Out of my way!

MAJOR. Stand back!

DES. (*springing on him*) You will have it then!

(MUR. opens door quickly, both men let go of each other and fall back)

MUR. (R.C.) Douglas!

(*crossing to him*)

DES. Ah! it is you! I'd tried to hope against hope! I'd tried to believe—and now—I know it's true—it's all true. Oh, my God! (*turning away and putting up his hands to his face*)

MUR. Douglas! Douglas! You don't think—you don't believe that I—

DES. Silence! if you've any shame left. I've no belief!

MUR. Oh, no, no! It isn't true! It isn't true! I'm innocent.

DES. Innocent! I find you here alone with this man, locked in these rooms—A—h! (*winces as he sees MURIEL's wrap with MAJOR's cloak together on couch. He points to them*) if further proof were needed, the entry in the hotel books would give it. Ah! go, go! I've had enough lies. (*going L.C.*)

MUR. Douglas!

MAJ. (*coming down c.*) Take care, Lord Desborough. I shall not permit this lady to be further insulted.

DES. You'll not permit!

MAJ. No. These are my rooms, leave them. This lady shall be my care. Go you to Vivien Darville.

DES. Ah! You d—d hound! (*springs at him and strikes him in the face. MAJOR hits back again and a fight ensues, which is ended by a knock down blow from DES. MUR. kneeling, half screams, half sobs with terror. As DES. turns to go she catches his coat, detaining him.*)

MUR. No, no! Douglas! in mercy, listen!

DES. See to your lover, madam. For of me, you've seen the last. Go where you will, do what you will, be what you will, I've done with you! (*Throws her off, and exits rapidly. MUR. falls fainting.*)

MAJ. (*going up to door and shaking his fist*) Done with her, my Lord Desborough, but not with me! I'll make you pay for this! pay in pocket, pay in full! Your wife, your fortune, and

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your happiness—I'll have them all, till you're the beaten one and I'm the winner!

(Enter WAITER.)

WAITER Did you ring, sir?

MOS. Yes. Send someone to Mrs. Mostyn, she's fainted.

(kneels and raises MURIEL)

Seque  
33

*Curtain*

*End of scene I.*

## SCENE II.

Seque  
34

*Music for Change.*

CALL I.

*A corridor in the Royal Courts of Justice recessed windows at back with seats. Entrances R. and L. as if from various courts. BARRISTERS and OFFICIALS cross stage at intervals now and then a POLICEMAN. Sun streaming in diagonally through windows, so as to fall on LADY DES. and CHILD at parting.*

(Enter DUCHESS, Mrs. DONELLY, and COLONEL)

Mrs. DON. Good gracious me, what a horrid place! (*going R.C.*)

DUCH. (C.) Yes, my dear, isn't it? Sort of cross between Westminster Abbey and the Underground Railway!

Mrs. DON. (R.C.) Indeed it is. Quite delightful to see a little sunshine at last!

DUCH. (C.) Ye're right, my dear! I don't wonder Justice is blind if they keep her in the dark like this.

COL. (L.C.) By me soul they keep her clients in the dark too, just to make things equal!

DUCH. (C. to GUIDE who enters R.) My good man, are there many more miles of tunnelling before I reach Court No. 10?

GUIDE. No, mum, it's just there, fust on the left, No. 10.

DUCH. Phew! Would you, like a nice good fellow, go and see if my case is on—Madame Jacquerine v. Duchess of Milford. I'm the Duchess, *she's* a swindler.





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CYP. (R.) Well, in any case, Duchess, Desborough is no saint. Remember that story about Mrs. Darville in India.

COL. (L.) Right you are, old boy. People who throw stones shouldn't live in glass houses.

DUCH. (R.C.) Glass houses — no — and from what I hear Sydenham isn't in it with Simla.

MRS. D. (*rising and going L.*) Still I should rather like to hear Lady Desborough's *legal* excuses. Has the application for the custody of the child commenced yet? (*looking off*)

CYP. (R.) No, though it's due. (*looking at watch*)

MRS. D. (L.) In which court?

CYP. (R.) Oh, the "Jenneries," but when I came out they were trying something about a ship.

DUCH. (C.) Ship—a ship in the divorce court?

CYP. (R.) Why not? Aren't all ships "she's"? Besides, it's the Court of Divorce and Admiralty!

DUCH. (C.) Court of Collision and Collusion!

CALL 2.

*Enter GUIDE R. 1 E.*

GUIDE. (*obsequiously*) Beg pardon, Your Grace, but it's Your Grace's turn now, please.

DUCH. Thank goodness, at last! (*rising*) Come along, my dear. And now Sally Jackson, alias Jacquerine, you'll wish you'd never been born. (*exit DUCHESS with MRS. D. R. 1 E.*)

CYP. The Duchess evidently intends giving Jacquerine fits. That's more than Jacquerine ever gave the Duchess.

COL. You're right, me boy. (*exit R.*)

CYP. I never saw such misfits in my life. Here's Desborough.

*(Enter DES. L.)*

DES. (*crossing to CYP.*) Ah, Cyp; so good of you to come down.

CYP. (R.C.) How are things going?

DES. (C.) Couldn't be worse. Mostyn has thrown the mask off. It is war to the bitter end. He took my wife, then he foreclosed on his lien; we are fighting the case now, my lawyer says that Mostyn will get his order immediately for the sale of my horses, for the sale of Clipstone. If I lose him I shall be a ruined man.

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CYP. (R.C.) You mustn't say that old chap, while you've got to stand by you. But this other case, these proceedings against your wife?

DES. (C.) They must go on! Only yesterday I received further evidence, proof, of things done, seen, at Brackenbush that leaves no doubt of her—her guilt with Mostyn.

CYP. (R.C.) Seen—by whom?

DES. (C.) Rupert Leigh. I'd have given anything if he'd only spoken earlier, but he held his tongue, as a man always will, while a wife sells the honour of his dearest friend—it's no one's business to save an honest man—it's everybody's business to screen a worthless woman. That's the chivalrous code of modern manhood. Not a word, not a hint, let the false wife sin on, let her break the man's heart and damn her own soul, she has no one to fear, she is safe behind our silence, let's give her a helping hand to hell—she is a woman! (crossing R.)

CYP. (R.C.) Quite right, Desborough, only you forget to add let's forgive her—she is a woman—much weaker than we are, and yet always judged by a much sterner standard!

DES. (going C. again) Cyp., old man, its very easy to forgive somebody else's wife. (DES. moves away, CYP. crosses up C.) Rupert Leigh's affidavit will be read in court to-day. There is no doubt that Fernside will be handed over to me at once.

CYP. (R.C.) And you will pass him on to me at the sanatorium.

DES. (C.) Yes, old fellow, if you will let me. Only I put you on your honour to respect my—my positive determination—the boy must not, under any circumstances, see his mother again.

CYP. (R.C.) Your wishes shall be respected, I give you my word. Though I tell you frankly, Desborough, the separation may have a very serious effect on such a delicate lad. If you fling him wholly amongst strangers with not a single face near him that he knows and loves—

DES. (C.) I have arranged for that!

CYP. (R.C.) How?

DES. Mary Aylmer.

CYP. (rising) Mary Aylmer!

DES. Well, why do you start?

CYP. Eh?—o—oh—nothing!

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DES. I know what you are thinking. She has left her home without a word of explanation or excuse, but there was a reason, Cyp, which I know. She was in trouble and I helped her, and she is helping me now, but she wants to keep her whereabouts a secret, so if you should run against her father, Dick Hammond, or any of the Brackenhurst people (*crossing R.*) don't say that she is at the Sanitorium. I am sure I can rely on you. (*exit R.*)

CYP. Oh, certainly—certainly.

(*Enter MOSTYN and LAWYER from L.*)

MAJOR. (*going C.*) Ha! ha! ha! No, Desborough didn't look as if he liked it. That's first round to *me*!

LANS. Wouldn't second round be more strictly accurate?

CYP. You've won your case, Mostyn?

MAJOR. I have.

CYP. And—and—

MAJOR. And Desborough's stud, including Clipstone, will be sold at Tattersall's on Monday.

CYP. Now, look here, Mostyn. Chisholm, Bagot, myself, and a few more of us don't want to see Desborough broke. We want him to keep Clipstone. Now if we find the £10,000, the amount of your lien, will you let the horse be withdrawn?

MAJOR. I'm afraid I can't promise that.

CYP. Come Mostyn, if the horse must go to the hammer, leave us to buy him in if we can. Promise, at least, that you won't bid against us.

MAJOR. Hum!

CYP. Hang it all. You are a sportsman!

MAJOR. I am also the owner of King of Trumps!

CYP. Who is now fourth favourite. You want Clipstone out of his way?

MAJOR. I didn't say so. But I own a few race horses, and if one of them turns out a good one, I am glad—as Oliver Cromwell remarked, I believe.

CYP. Well, no, it wasn't Cromwell as a matter of fact. It was *another* advanced radical.

MAJOR. Quite so, and like him, I should like to win the Derby—I should like to win it with King of Trumps, but in case of accident I should like two strings to my bow. I should like

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to buy Clipstone. I should then like to find out which of my two horses was the better, when of course, in the interest of the public, I should scratch the worse—Clipstone or no Clipstone!

CYP. Dash it, that isn't sport!

MAJOR. No, sir, but it *is* business! I tell you this plainly. I've got Desborough's nose to the grindstone and I mean to keep it there! *(going L.)*

CYP. Then you're an infernal scoundrel!

LANG. *(coming between them)* Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

CYP. There's only one present!

MAJOR. You flatter me, sir!

LANG. Sir, I protest. I am attending Major Mostyn in my professional capacity.

CYP. There you have the advantage of me. If I were attending him in *mine* he wouldn't get over it! *(about to go)*

*Enter MARY R.*

Miss Aylmer! You've come then; Lord Desborough is expecting you.

MARY. Yes? I—*(sees MAJOR)* Major Mostyn!

MAJOR. *(aside)* Damn her!

MARY. Dr. Streatfield, pardon me, I want to say a word or two to Major Mostyn if you wouldn't mind.

CYP. *(going)* Certainly! *(aside)* Wants to speak to Mostyn, eh? That's odd--devilish odd!

MAJOR. *(to CYP.)* I wish you a very good day, sir!

CYP. I wish you nothing, sir, but a very bad quarter of an hour, which I shall do my level best to insure you! *(exit R.)*

MARY. *(coming down, LANG. reading deeds)* Major Mostyn—Geoffrey—

MAJOR. Oh, go to the devil! you mustn't bother me here.

MARY. Why not? Aren't these the Royal Courts of *Justice*?

MAJOR. Yes, I believe that's what they're *called*.

MARY. Justice is what I want. I have written to you, you have not answered; I have called at your rooms but could never see you.

MAJOR. No, I've an invaluable servant.

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MARY. You have never written me one word—never answered me : answer me now, what of this divorce between Lord and Lady Desborough—it is *your* doing.

MAJOR. Well ?

MARY. What is going to become of her ?

MAJOR. I hope to marry her.

MARY. And what is to become of *me* ?

MAJOR. I've arranged for that. (*to LANG.*) You've got that Deed of Settlement.

LANG. (*producing deed from bag*) Yes, here it is !

(*rising and giving MAJOR deed*)

MAJOR (*going c.*) This deed provides that you shall be paid the sum of £2 a week—a hundred a year—for life. Moreover, I'll give you a hundred pounds down if you will leave the country at once. What do you say ?

MARY. That you are a coward ! (*throwing down deed, turning*) When I listened to you it was for love ; when I appealed to you it was for justice—you answer me with money. I will not take it. To accept money from your hands would be to admit that I am what you would make me, what I will never be ! As you <sup>No</sup> have dealt with *me*, Geoffrey Mostyn, so may Heaven requite <sup>35</sup> you !  
(*exit R.*)

MAJOR. (*following her up to entrance*) Certainly ! but in the event of Providence offering to settle £100 a year on me, I shan't refuse it.

*Enter MURIEL, HAROLD, and SOLICITOR. MAJOR, who is about to exit, starts and stands motionless. C. MURIEL walks slowly in his direction. Just when she is about to pass him he puts out his hand to stop her.*

Muriel !

(*MURIEL looks at him and drawing herself up sweeps past him without a word.*)

LANG. (*aside to MAJOR*) Who is that remarkably fine woman ?

MAJOR. Lady Desborough !

LANG. Oh !

*Enter ANNETTE quickly L. MAJOR bows and raises hat, she cuts him and crosses to R.C.*

MAJOR. Come along, Langford, I don't seem quite popular this morning. Let's go and get a brandy and soda.

(*exit with LANG. L.*)

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SOLIC. If your ladyship will wait here for a moment (*indicating seat in window*) I will see if our case has been called yet.

MURIEL. Thank you! (*sits in window seat R. exit SOLICITOR*)

HAROLD. (*who has run to ANN. who is standing well down stage R.C.*) Oh, mother, mother, come here; here's Annette.

(*USHER heard calling off R.*)

USHER. (*off stage*) Desborough v. Desborough and Mostyn—interim injunction, all witnesses in court.

(*BOOTS, WAITER, and CHAMBERMAID from Railway Hotel cross from L. to R. The MEN nudge each other; the GIRL turns up her nose as she sees MURIEL.*)

Enter RUPERT LEIGH. L. He walks across till, seeing MURIEL, he pauses, turning away, sees ANNETTE, who turns her back on him; he glances at MURIEL, and, hanging his head, slinks off.

HAROLD. Mother, why are they calling your name? What do they want?

MURIEL. Hush, dear, hush! Come here!

(*CHILD goes to LADY DESBOROUGH*)

HAROLD. Come, mother, aren't you going to speak to Annette? (*slight pause*)

ANN. (*aside*) Poor dear! I should like to speak to her, but what will mamma say? I don't care what mamma says—I will! Muriel!

(*going to her*)

MURIEL. (*who has turned sadly to go, taking with her HAROLD, who looks back wistfully at ANN.*) Annette! Annette!

(*they embrace*)

ANN. I don't quite know what to say at such a time, dear, except what I've always wanted to say—I don't believe it!—I never will believe it!

MUR. God bless you! My trouble has been almost more than I could bear—and now, if they take my child from me, I think it will break my heart!

Enter SOLICITOR R.I.E.

SOLIC. Lady Desborough, I must ask you to come into court, the case has commenced.

MUR. I'll come! Good-bye Annette!

ANN. Good-bye!

(*they embrace*)

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HAR. Mother dear, where are we going ?

MUR. Hush, dear, hush.

HAR. But what's going to happen—what are we going to do ?

MUR. (*leading him off*) God knows !

*exit* SOLICITOR, MURIEL, and HAROLD R.

ANN. (c.) It's too cruel, too wicked ! Oh ! if I could only do anything to help her—anything ! (*song c.*)

*enter* CYP. *hurriedly from R.*

ANN. Cyp !

CYP. Annette ! You here !

ANN. (c.) Yes, I got tired of waiting for mamma in the carriage, so I came in.

CYP. (a.c.) Quite right.

ANN. I've just seen poor Lady Desborough.

CYP. So have I.

ANN. Oh, Cyp. if we could only do something for her ! Isn't it terrible to think that two people who have loved each other like she and Lord Desborough should be parted like this.

CYP. Yes. I suppose they were the wrong halves, after all.

ANN. Wrong halves ! What *do* you mean ?

CYP. (*looking off R.*) The case won't be over yet. Come and sit down here and I'll tell you. (*they sit in window c.*) R.O. You must know,—I've got a theory !

ANN. (L.C.) Wouldn't it be more useful for a doctor to have a practice ?

CYP. (R.C.) I don't want one. I've got a Sanatorium where practice is made perfect ; but according to my theory—

ANN. Ahem ! I hope it's one I can repeat to *mamma*.

CYP. You can repeat it on the house tops !

ANN. But can I repeat it in the *drawing room* ?

CYP. Certainly, or in the dining room.

ANN. *Before* dinner ?

CYP. *Before* your grandmother.

ANN. You reassure me. Go on. What's it about ?

CYP. About ourselves. I believe that we've all got affinities—other halves. I believe that we are all halves.

*Printed, not published.*

ANN. How very uncomfortable !

CYP. Each half goes wandering through the world looking for its other half. Sometimes they meet and it's a match ; more often they don't ; sometimes they think they do—that's the worst of all. You can't mate half a porcelain bowl with half a pudding basin—one yearns for the pale daffodil, the other for plum duff. Ah, have you never felt like that ?

ANN. Like plum duff ?

CYP. No, no, like a half. Have you never felt a sense of lonely incompleteness ; have you never felt that half a basin can hold nothing, while the finished bowl can be filled to the brim " with laughter, with life, and with love."

ANN. Or plum duff.

CYP. With afternoon tea, if you like ; but till you find your other half, your life is empty. I often thought I'd found a perfect match.

ANN. But you never got as far as the rivetting ?

CYP. Luckily, for I believe I have *really* found the right half at last.

ANN. Where ?

CYP. (*impressively*) Here !

ANN. Doctor !

CYP. It's a little soon to speak after my bereavement (ANN. *looks at CYP. amusedly*) I mean disillusion—but, Miss Donelly—Annette, the more I see of you the more I feel that—that—we—that our pattern would match remarkably well.

ANN. Oh, Doctor Streatfield !

CYP. Don't " Doctor " me, cure me, call me Cyp, and tell me that I may hope, that I shall really—er—get as far as the rivetting.

ANN. Quite sure it's serious this time ?

CYP. I swear it. Tell me I may hope !

(*looks lovingly at ANNETTE*)

ANN. Well, you'll have to see mamma first.

CYP. I should like to see her farther.

ANN. You can't. Grandpa's been dead for years. (*kiss*)

*Enter from R. DUCHESS in furious temper, she is followed by COL. and MRS. D. MRS. D. and COL. remain R. and R. C. DUCHESS comes to C.*



*Printed, not published.*

DUCH. Well, there's one consolation ; I told the Judge what I thought of him !

ANN. (*aside*) Mamma ! (*rising and going L.*

CYP. (*aside*) The Duchess !

DUCH. One law for the rich and another for the poor indeed ! I should think there *was* when a dressmaker can get a verdict against a Duchess like this, with costs too, on evidence that was as false as the French accent she gave it in. What had the size of my waist got to do with it ? As my Counsel said, it wasn't evidence ; and she said she'd never seen anything so much in evidence ; and the Court roared ! My dear ! The things that woman was allowed to get up and say ! Evidence ! Impudence *I* called it, when it wasn't rank perjury. Not fit *me* indeed ! Why, as I told 'em, Busvine made me a habit that fitted me like a skin ; and the Judge said, evidently the sort of habit that was second nature, and the idiots laughed. If there was one thing that was in worse taste than his summing up it was his jokes, and I told him so, and he said I was guilty of Contempt of Court, and I said, " What did such a Court expect ? " and he said my Counsel would speak for me, and I said of course he would, that's what he was paid for, worse luck, and a nice mess he was making of it ! For when I said her charges were enormous she said so was my waist ; he said nothing, and the Judge said it was a *waste* of time, and somebody drew a caricature of me—a vile thing—under my nose, and handed it to the Judge, who sniggered and passed it on to the Jury, who found a verdict for Jacquerine without leaving the box. What the sporting papers will say on Saturday goodness only knows ! but I know one thing, next time I meet that judge at Newmarket if I don't put him on a wrong 'un my name's not Maria Milford ! (*walking from L. to R.*

CYP. (L.C.) I'm afraid, Duchess, you lost your temper !

DUCH. (C.) Couldn't help it, my dear, when I lost my case.

CYP. (L.C.) Well, you are not alone in your glory. Desborough has lost his, too.

DUCH. (C.) What, hasn't he got his child ?

CYP. (L.C.) I don't mean that one—he's lost his horse ; at least we're afraid he will—Clipstone has got to be sold after all.

DUCH. (C.) H'm—that's bad !

CYP. (L.C.) Yes, dooced nice horse for anyone to buy, eh ?

DUCH. (*drily C.*) Very.

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CYP. (L.C.) Some of his old pals in the regiment are helping me to try and get him. You—er— you wouldn't like to join the Syndicate? Mostyn might outbid us, he couldn't outbid you—give us a hand—I—I venture to ask it as a personal favour.

DUCH. (C.) I should be delighted to oblige you, Doctor, but it's too large an order. You see (*pausing and glancing at ANN, who has her right hand in CYP.'s left, then looking pointedly at CYP.*) a woman doesn't mind buying a pair of sleeve-links for a friend, but she only buys a *stud* for—her husband. You understand—her husband, present or future (*aside*) And that's the straight tip for him! (*going L.*)

CYP. (L.C.) (*faintly gulping*) Thank you!

COL. (R.C.) (*to MRS. D.*) My dear, I'm thinking the Desborough case is over.

*Enter DES. L. with Solicitor, both cross L.*

CYP. (*going to DES*) Ah, Desborough, how has it ended?

DES. The order is granted, my boy is given to me.

CYP. I can't help saying I am sorry for it.

(*DESBOROUGH turns to his SOLICITOR. DES. CYP. and SOL. talk.*)

MRS. D. We'd had better go at once, Myles, I wouldn't let our dear girl meet *that woman* for worlds. (COL. and ANNETTE *exit L.L.C.*) Annette—Duchess, are you coming?

DUCH. No, my dear, I'm going to wait for Muriel, but as you were good enough to come with me I'll see you safely out. I'm going to place my carriage at Muriel's disposal. If there is no one to stand by that poor girl in trouble—I will. (*crossing L.*)

MRS. D. Pray think of your position.

DUCH. Think of *hers*.

(*crossing L.*)

MRS. D. But you are a Duchess!

DUCH. And we are both of us *women*, Mrs. Donnelly!

(*Exeunt DUCHESS and MRS. DONNELLY L. 1 E.*)

CYP. Here is Lady Desborough!

*Enter MURIEL with HAROLD and her SOLICITOR R. 1 E. She advances. DES. turns his back on her, she advances to R.C. before recognising DES's back, then stops.*

HIS SOL. (*coming forward and lifting his hat. Sympathetically*) I beg your pardon, but it is Lord Desborough's desire that the order of the court should be complied with *at once*.

(*HIS SOLICITOR makes deprecatory gesture*)

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MUR. You don't mean to say that he intends to take my child away from me *here*?

HIS SOL. That is his lordship's intention.

*(goes to LADY D's SOLICITOR and converses)*

MUR. *(choking down sob)* Oh! *(crossing to DES.)* Douglas, Douglas, you won't do this, for the sake of old memories if for nothing dearer, you won't—

DES. I have nothing to say!

*(goes to L)*

MURIEL. *(returning R.C. to her solicitor)* Is there no help?

HER. SOL. *(very gently)* None.

HAR. Mother, what is it? I'm frightened!

DES. *(half turning only)* Harold, come to me!

HAR. Shall I go, mother?

MUR. *(with effort)* Yes, dear!

HAR. Aren't you coming, too, mother?

MUR. No, my darling! *(stretching out hand in DESBOROUGH'S direction)* One moment! *(she kneels by FERNSIDE)* Harold, I can't go with you, but I want you to go to father and to be my own brave boy and not cry—or—you'll—break—Mother's—heart. *(controlling herself with severe effort)* If you nev—if you don't see me again for a long—long time, I want you to promise not to forget me, not to let anyone else take Mother's place in your heart.

HAR. Never, mother.

MUR. My boy, my own boy! And I want you to remember all I've taught you, to speak the truth, to fear God, to be a gentleman, a man, and never *(beginning to break down)* to believe that Mother did what was wrong—or—there, there, go, go, quietly —and—and—kiss Mother! *(kissing him passionately)* good-bye my darling, my darling!

HAR. No, no, mother, I won't say good-bye, I won't go!

MUR. *(regaining command of herself)* You must! *(she takes HAR. by the hand, leads him over to DES.)* There is MY SON,—YOUR HEIR! *(turns quickly away).*

DES. Come, Fernside.

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*He sends HAROLD off, the boy looking back at his mother, who with her hands clasped together gives a suppressed moan and watches him off with straining eyes. Then as he disappears, her self-control breaks down, she gives a pitiful cry. CYP. goes to her.*

M... HAROLD, my boy, my own! Harold! Come back to me, come back. My boy—my boy!

*(exit L. sobbing supported by CYP. C)*

*Lights down for change*

*Music for change*

CALL 1.

#### SCENE IV.

*Internally.*

*GENTLEMEN rumpled about some reading sale catalogues and things. A few LADIES in morning walking about. OSTLERS and LADS sitting about scene.*

CHRIS. Ah, morning, Aymer.

*(coming down)*

AYMER. Morning, my lord.

CHRIS. You haven't seen Dr. Streetfield about, have you?

AYMER. No, my lord.

CHRIS. *aside* Confound him! Where the deuce is he and what's he done? *(aloud)* When are Lord Desborough's horses sold?

AYMER. Next lot, my lord, and Clipstone the second. You don't think as we shall lose him; someone will buy 'im for the stable?

CHRIS. Well, we're all going to have a big try. Aymer, we'll have a dash for it—but—but—

AYMER. I know, my lord, everything has gone amiss lately. His Lordship's dead out of form—every way.

CHRIS. Yes, Aymer, yes, but let's hope things will soon change for the better.

*goes up and converses with gentlemen outside*

AYMER. Better? It's time they was. There don't seem no luck about any of us. The 'orses going; 'er ladyship gone; Mary—my Mary gone, wi'out a line, wi'out a word to me, 'er father—gone—God knows where. I can't sleep at night for thinking of it.

*Enter DICK L.*

Oh, so you're 'ere, are you?

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DICK. (L.C.) Yes, Mr. Aylmer, how are you ?

AYLMER (C.) Well, none the better pleased for seeing you. You might 'ave 'ad the decent feeling to stay away when the master's 'osses was being sold.

DICK. (L.C.) He's not my master now.

AYLMER (C.) No, Major Mostyn is; *e's* a pretty beauty.

DICK. (L.C.) He's a good master.

AYLMER (C.) 'E's a damn scamp; don't you know 'as 'e's gone and took away 'er ladyship and nearly broke 'is lordship's 'cart ?

DICK. (L.C.) Other people have hearts beside his lordship.

AYLMER (C.) Major Mostyn ain't one of them.

DICK. (L.C.) He's shewn good enough heart to me. He took me without a character when Lord Desborough sacked me without a reason.

AYLMER (C.) You wouldn't 'ave left his lordship's service if you 'adn't been in the wrong.

DICK. (L.C.) That's rather hard judgment isn't it, Mr. Aylmer ? I hear that your daughter Mary has left his lordship's service.

AYLMER (C.) What if she 'ave ?

DICK (L.C.) Was *she* in the wrong ?

AYLMER (C.) Dick Hammond, don't you dare——

DICK. (L.C.) I dare say *this*, that if someone *must* be in the wrong, Mr. Aylmer, why shouldn't it *sometimes* be his lordship ?

AYLMER (C.) What do you mean, Dick ? What do you mean ?

DICK. (L.C.) Just what I say, nothing more.

*Enter DESBOROUGH L.E.*

DES. (*sharply*) Aylmer !

(*DICK goes up AYLMER turns*

AYLMER (C.) Yes, my lord !

DES. I am rather surprised that you should have anything to say to one of my discharged servants—especially seeing who employs him now !

AYLMER. Beg pardon, my lord. He was only speaking to me about my daughter Mary.

DES. (*starting slightly*) Was he ?

(*crossing R*

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AYLMER. (*going to him*) And he was asking why she'd left your lordship, but I told him I didn't know.

DES. Nor did I, Aylmer. As I told you she left suddenly without notice—without explanation—I am very sorry—I presume she—er—she had some very good reason.

AYLMER. My lord, you don't think as it was anything wrong, any disgrace?

DES. No, no, Aylmer—er—certainly not.

AYLMER. And you ain't heard nothing since she left, my lord? You don't know where she is?

DES. Indeed I—I wish I did. (*aside*) Poor girl! I must keep my promise, and it would break his heart if he knew the truth.

AYLMER. It seems very strange, my lord, why she should go if there was no reason. I'd give all I am worth, I'd give my life to find her.

DES. I wish I could help you, Aylmer—upon my soul I do—but I can't—I can't. (*goes up*)

*Enter CHIS. and CYP. L. who join DES. as he goes up C.*

AYLMER. (*aside*) Yes, the words is all right, but they don't ring true, somehow: I shan't know the rights of it till I find 'er myself—find 'er I will—and then if she 'as come to 'arm through any man, 'e can look to 'isself, that's all. Now I'll go and 'ave a look at Clipstone. That there blessed 'orse 'as been my only comfort and now if 'e's took away from me hanged if I don't go and enlist for a policeman. (*goes up and off L.*)

DES. No, it's all up, Cyp. I've tried everywhere, I can barely raise £2000. Clipstone will be bought by Mostyn to-day, and scratched to-morrow. That will be the end of it.

CYP. Come, come, you mustn't give way like that, Desborough, think about your boy. You must back up for his sake.

DES. If it wasn't for him I'd end it all. (*exit L.*)

CYP. Poor old chap! (*CHIS. comes down R.C. Buttoning his coat with determination*) Look here, Chisholm, we must buy Clipstone at any cost.

CHIS. We must; if we sell our souls first.

CYP. And pawn our bodies afterwards.

*Enter COLONEL, BAGOT, and BRANISH L.*

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Ah (*going to them*) here come the other fellows. Well, Colonel, how is the great Clipstone Syndicate getting on?

COL. Well, it might be better and it might be worse, me boy. We none of us want to see an old brother officer and a right good fellow broke; but we're not the Bank of England for all that (*consults piece of paper*) Now, it's like this, there's meself that's good for a little.

CYP. Desborough has got two thousand.

COL. Bravo!

BAGOT. And my old uncle is developing a sense of humour. I tried him with a most pathetic letter, but he wired from Scotland only one word in reply.

COL. What was it?

BAGOT. "Chestnuts." Still one way and the other I can screw up nearly a thousand.

CHIS. I can go three.

COL. Chisholm! Three thousand.

CHIS. Yes, sir, old story, three months, sixty per cent. Dash it! dear old Desborough would have done as much for me any day.

CYP. That he would. Now with what I've got we shall pull through all right if—if—

COL. If that spalpeen Mostyn don't bid against us. If he does—

CYP. Talk of the devil—

*Enter MOSTYN R.*

MAJOR. (*walking deliberately up to CHIS.*) 'Morning, Chisholm!

CHIS. Lord Chisholm; and I have'nt the pleasure of your acquaintance. (*turns up c.*)

MAJOR. Really; yours is no great loss. 'Morning, Bagot!

BAGOT. You have the advantage of me. (*turns up c. to CHIS.*)

MAJOR. In manners—I have—decidedly. Good morning, Colonel. Pity some of the youngsters of the 43rd don't take example by their chief. (*holding out his hand*)

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CAR. *(Wincing at hand and then putting his arm behind his back. I'm glad you think so, Mervin. It may save us some correspondence and a lot of unpleasantness if I tell you that there's a general wish that you should exchange.*

MERVIN. On what grounds?

CAR. Well, you're not quite popular with your brother officers. Again, perhaps you've injured it. They think your sentence would be better from the regiment.

MERVIN. From the regiment? *(crossing L.*

CAR. That's what they think you'll do if you stay in it!

MERVIN. Then you can tell them, sir, I shall stay in it as long as I please.

CAR. That's your business, but if you do stay in it you'll find yourself permanently quarantined at Coventry and good-day to you. Come along, now. Let's go and find Desborough.

*(they go up and off)*

MERVIN. Find Desborough, sir. They'll have to find him a pretty tidy sum if they're going to refund me for Chipstone.

*(goes up)*

ANNETTE *(entering L. alone. Car. as he is about to exit.*

CAR. Ah, have you not just in time for the sale. It will be all over directly.

CAR. 3.

ANN. All over, Cyp? Yes, but will it be all right? I saw Mervin—Lady Desborough—walking alone under the trees in a quiet corner of Kensington Gardens this morning. she looked so pale, so sad. Ah, Cyp, tell me the truth. doesn't this sale to-day mean something more than the mere buying and selling of a horse? Doesn't it mean ruin or salvation to Desborough?

CYP. That's in fear, in a nutshell.

ANN. Then you must buy him.

CYP. We will, if Mervin doesn't.

ANN. Yes, but if he refuses you? Do you remember what you told me—what we both laughed at then—of what the Duchess said to you in the Law Courts? Cyp, the Major may outbid you, he can't outbid the Duchess of Milford.

CYP. Annette?

ANN. Yes, Cyp, the same thought has been in both our minds, if the worst comes to the worst, you'll have to marry the Duchess. *(crying)*

CYP. And give each other up?



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ANN. And give each other up. Oh, I've thought it over, Cyp, it may be hard for us to do it, it will break our hearts, but we must sacrifice ourselves. I shall be very, very sorry, dear, to let you go, but we shall be good friends all our lives, and all the better friends that we've been friends to them first.

*(falls in his arms, crying)*

CYP. Now, you mustn't give way, buck up!

*Enter the DUCHESS C. followed by EVERYBODY. CROWD on.*

*AUCTIONEER stands by rostrum. CYP. comes to DUCHESS.*

DUCH. Well, Doctor, have you boys got together the money?

CYP. If Mostyn don't outbid us, yes.

*Enter MOSTYN.*

DUCH. Um! I'm afraid he looks like mischief.

CYP. Ahem! I—er—Duchess—you don't feel like helping us with a bit?

DUCH. No thankee, my dear, my stable is full. I've quite as many horses already as a single woman can look after.

*(turns from him)*

CYP. *(slowly and ruefully aside to himself)* "I'll buy a pair of sleeve-links for a friend. But I only buy a stud for a husband—present or future." That future is getting painfully near!

*(turns to ANN)*

ANN. You see?

CYP. *(mournfully)* Yes.

ANN. If the worst comes—remember.

AUC. *(ascending rostrum and tapping on desk)* Ladies and gentlemen—Lot 112.

*(Signs to GROOM to bring in horse which GROOM does. No*

AUC. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour of submitting to you a very unusual lot—no less than the entire stud, including all the horses in training, belonging to the Earl of Desborough, sold to satisfy a lien of ten thousand pounds due to Major Geoffrey Mostyn. The first to be put up is Fly-by-Night *(people bid from £20 and the horse is knocked down at £100, and led off by GROOM. Boy puts up number of Lot 113.*

*(general cheering)*

The next to be put up is Lot 113—Clipstone. *(AYLMER leads on CLIPSTONE. General excitement amongst onlookers and murmurs of "Clipstone," "Clipstone!"—"That's him!" &c.)* One of the handsomest horses that ever looked through a bridle, by Springfield, out of a Stockwell mare; he won the Dewhurst

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and the Hyde Park Plate as a two year old, and the Blue Ribbon of the Turf is at his mercy, but I'm sure you all know that. You are looking at the Derby Winner.

(OFFICERS, COLONEL, ANNETTE and CYP. gather round DES.

CYP. You bid, Desborough, it looks better!

MAJOR. (*half up stage R.*) Five thousand!

DES. (*c. facing MOSTYN, quickly*) Six!

AUC. Six thousand—for Lord Desborough! (*slight applause*)

MAJOR. Seven!

DES. Eight!

MAJOR. Ten thousand pounds!

CHIS. Go it, Desborough, I can go one more!

DES. Eleven thousand!

MAJOR. Twelve!

COL. Five hundred for me.

DES. Twelve thousand five hundred!

MAJOR. Thirteen thousand!

CYP. (*aside to himself*) Mortgage on the Sanitorium! (*To DES.*) Another!

DES. Fourteen thousand!

MAJOR. Fifteen!

CYP. (*aside as before*) I'll sell the Sanitorium! (*To DES.*) Another!

DES. Sixteen thousand!

MAJOR. Seventeen thousand!

CYP. Chisholm!

CHIS. Awfully sorry, *can't!*

AUC. No advance on seventeen thousand? For the first time—going.

DES. Thanks, boys, for what you've done—it's all over.

CYP. (*pulling himself together*) Not yet! Not yet!

AUC. At seventeen thousand going—twice!

CYP. (*to AUC.*) One moment, sir! (*turning to ANNETTE*) Annette!

ANN. Cyp.! You've got to do it!

CYP. Yes. Good-bye, Annette.

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ANN. Good-bye, Cyp.

CYP. Duchess, I want that stud!

DUCH. What!

CYP. Will you marry me?

DUCH. It's a bet. I'm yours.

CYP. And buy Clipstone?

DUCH. Yes! Go on, quick! (to DES.) Another thousand!

DES. Eighteen thousand! (cheers)

MAJOR. Nineteen! and one moment. I am well known to you, sir, and so is Lord Desborough's financial position. If the bidding is genuine, I shall be glad if you'll demand a guarantee. (hisses) I bid nineteen thousand pounds for Clipstone. Again, nineteen thousand pounds! (hisses)

AUC. Nineteen thousand pounds, going—

DUCH. Twenty thousand!

MAJOR. For whom?

DUCH. (advancing from crowd c.) The Duchess of Milford, (cheers) is that good enough for you? And look here, sir, (to AUCTIONEER) I am well known to you and so is my financial position, I am going to have that horse, and if the bidding against me is genuine, I demand a guarantee! Here, I bid twenty-five thousand for Clipstone! (turning to MAJOR) and is that good enough for you? (cheers)

AUC. Twenty-five thousand pounds—once! Twenty-five thousand, twice! Twenty-five thousand for the third and last time—no advance.

MAJOR. (with a snarl) No!

AUC. Sold to the Duchess of Milford! (cheers)

(COLONEL, CHISHOLM, BAGOT, &c. all crowd round DUCHESS and shake her hands vigorously. CHISHOLM and BAGOT fling their hats into the air, ANNETTE turns away to her father, half-crying.)

Seque  
89  
to end  
Act

*Picture.*

*Curtain.*



*Printed, not published.*

Calls for  
Act IV. Hand  
Properties.

## ACT IV.

Tacet to  
open

Sc. I. CALL I.

Rupert Leigh

Mrs. Darville

Major Mostyn Betting-book

Lights half up  
Limes pink to blue. Lime on  
back cloth. Amber lime at door.

CALL II.

Servant

Aylmer

Rupert Leigh

Sc. II. CALL I.

Cyp.

Mary Aylmer

CALL II.

The Duchess

Lady Desborough Written Letter

Full up Lights

Sc. III. CALL I.

Nurse

Fernside

Mary Aylmer

The Duchess

Lady Desborough

Lord Desborough

Cyp. Streathfield

Lights full up

Sc. IV. CALL I.

Major Mostyn Stick, Glasses

Dick Hammond Whip

Mrs. Darville

Rupert Leigh Stick

CALL 2.

CALL II.

Chisholm

Cyp. Streathfield Stick & Glasses

Annette Donnelly Glasses

Duchess of Milford

Lights full up

SCENE 1.—*The Garden of MAJOR MOSTYN's cottage at Twickenham. View of river and Richmond Hill, at back. Transparent cloth for effects of sunset, moonrise, lights of hotel and ripple on water. Banjo and distant Chorus, harmonised, heard singing, "Come where my love lies dreaming."*

(*As Chorus is dying away Curtain rises, LEIGH discovered asleep in chair, left. MRS. DARVILLE on seat smoking cigarette c. facing audience. MAJOR on same seat L. intently studying his betting book.*)

VIVIEN. (*who has hummed to herself the line "Come where my love lies dreaming"*) Dreaming—(*glances at LEIGH.*) I wonder what my love is dreaming about? (*going to him*)

MAJOR. (*looking round for an instant*) Brandy! (*continuing to study his bets*) 50—87—96. (*LEIGH snores*)

VIVIEN. Bah! The beauty.

MAJOR. 300—600.

VIVIEN. Well, I must say you're a cheerful couple—a charming woman drives the whole way from London to dine with you and the moment you stop eating, one goes to sleep and the other buries himself in his betting book.

MAJOR. So would you if you'd as much at stake over the Derby as I have. I laid against Clipstone wherever I could, and now—now—damn the brute! if he wins I—I am done for!

VIVIEN. Why did you take such a plunge?

MAJOR. I thought I could buy the beast and scratch him! How could I tell the Duchess was going to bid against me?

VIVIEN. But surely one Derby can't ruin a man of your means? (*leaning over him*)

MAJOR. Not of the means I once had. But ever since I interfered with Desborough nothing has gone right. I can't win a bet, and every iron I had in the fire has burnt my fingers. And all for the sake of a woman.

VIVIEN. Who won't even speak to you.

MAJOR. She'll get sick of that after the divorce.

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J. V. CALL I.  
 ies & Gents  
 d Jockeys  
 l Desborough Glasses & Stick  
 r Desborough Betting-book  
 or Mostyn  
 Darville  
 less  
 aer With Colours  
 amond  
 ert Leigh  
 every body.  
 its full up and white limes P.  
 and O.P.

J. VI.  
 Course Crowd  
 l Principals.  
 its full up and white limes  
 P and O.P.

ant to take off tray and cups.  
 Leigh to take bottle off.

Start working lights down.

VIVIEN. (*looking at LEIGH with disgust*) After?

(*coming round chair and down c.*)

MAJOR. (*quickly*) Yes—after: and remember there will be no divorce without Rupert Leigh.

VIVIEN. Oh yes, I know, I'll do my best to put up with him, but he grows intolerable, and he drinks brandy till he can't taste cayenne pepper. When once that woman for whom I was turned out of Brackenhurst is humiliated and disgraced, I will tell him to his face what a fool I've made of him, and then he can go to the devil.

(*LEIGH starts and drops cigar case with loud clatter*)

MAJOR. Tist! he's awake! Hullo, Leigh!

LEIGH (*yawning*) Eh?

MAJOR. (*to VIVIEN*) All right! He didn't hear anything.

LEIGH. (*aside*) Ah, didn't I? (*aloud, half rising*) Where's the brandy?

VIVIEN. (*going to him*) Where it always is—at your elbow.

(*LEIGH feverishly pours brandy into glass*)

MAJOR. If I'd known he'd taken to drinking brandy in buckets I'd have had in a gallon from the grocer.

*Enter SERVANT B.*

SERV. Mr. Aylmer to see you, sir.

VIVIEN. The trainer?

MAJOR. Send him here.

(*exit SERVANT*)

VIVIEN. What does he want?

(*coming to MOSTYN*)

MAJOR. I sent for him because—ahem!

LEIGH. (*turning decanter upside down*) Bah—empty!

MAJOR. (*crossing to LEIGH*) You'll find lots more in the dining room.

LEIGH. Eh?

MAJOR. In the dining room (*aside*) '42 brandy down that sink—what a waste!

(*coming down c.*)

LEIGH. All right (*rising and going to porch, aside*) Want to get rid of me, do they? (*aloud*) I'll go and get some (*aside*) But I'll come back—come back!

(*exit B. into house*)

VIVIEN. What are you going to do?

*Printed, not published.*

MAJOR. Square him if possible.

VIVIEN. Surely it's very dangerous! If he refuses and talks?

MAJOR. Don't be afraid! Every man has his price! and this man has a daughter: what he would not do for money he may for revenge. Anyhow, he will hold his tongue for her sake. Tist!

*Enter AYLMER B. from porch.*

AYLMER. (B.C.) 'Evenin', Major.

*(touches his hat to Mrs. D. and coming down)*

MAJOR. (C.) 'Evenin', Aylmer! So you got my letter. How is King of Trumps, eh?

AYL. Wonderful well, sir, never better; though curious enough I was comin' to see you about 'im even if you 'adn't wrote.

MAJOR. Indeed—why?

*(AYLMER looks at Mrs. D. and hesitates)*

MAJOR. *(noticing AYLMER's hesitation)* Oh, you can speak before this lady.

AYL. You see, sir, what I got to say ain't pertickler pleasant.

MAJOR. Never mind, get on with it.

AYL. Well, sir, its like this. You'll pardon me, sir, but er—considering all things, I don't feel comfortable training your 'oss and Lord Desborough's—I mean Clipstone, the Duchess's.

MAJOR. For the same Derby? What have our private quarrels to do with a public trainer? Surely you'd like the winner to come out of your stable.

AYL. Yes, sir, it's only 'uman nature I should.

MAJOR. It wouldn't matter to you if that winner were Clipstone or King of Trumps. I mean as a matter of business.

AYL. No, sir, as a matter of business, I don't know as it would.

MAJOR. It *would* matter, to me.

AYL. Yes, sir, I understands *that*!

MAJOR. What's more, it would matter to the tune of several hundreds *(looks at AYL)* thousands to the man who made the winning of *my* horse a *certainty*.

AYL. Don't see 'ow *that's* to be done, sir.

*Printed, not published.*

MAJOR. Don't you? It *would* be a certainty if Clipstone were not in it.

AYL. Yes, sir, but he's very much 'in it.'

MAJOR. Why shouldn't *you* be in it instead of Clipstone? You are not a rich man, Aylmer. Lord Desborough is a very poor one. What will *you* get by *his* winning? Nothing. Look here—who poisoned Pensioner? Nobody knows. Who got at Orme? Nobody knows. If Clipstone were got at, nobody'd know. Why don't you do it? The risk's nothing and the money's right. Name your own price, what do you say?

AYL. Say? I say as you're the biggest blackguard I ever clapped eyes on.

VIVIEN. (*coming down*) That's a strong statement for a man who goes racin' much.

AYL. You, a hoffer and gentleman—why, a Welsher's a nobleman to *you*! You—as tries to bribe a 'onest man to act like a thief—look 'ere—I come down to-night to ask you civil to take your 'orse out 'o my stable—now I *orders* yer to. I trains for gentlemen—not for nobblers. *You* arst *me* to get at Lord Desborough's 'orse—why, I was 'is stud groom afore ever I was a public trainer. *My* father served 'is father, and *my* people served 'is for more years than we've kep' count of—and *you* arst *me* to ruin 'im to 'elp a 'ound like *you*—you as wants to *rob* 'im of 'is *race*, as mean and underhand as you *stole* away 'is *wife*!

MAJOR. Have you *quits* finished?

AYL. Yes, with you and your 'orse and everythink to do with yer. No.  
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MAJOR. One minute. You have told me a lot about yourself and Lord Desborough, suppose I tell you something about Lord Desborough and your daughter!

AYLMER. What's my girl to do with you?

*Enter LEIGH, he listens in porch, unseen by others.*

MAJOR. Nothing, except that she left Brackenhurst because Lord Desborough betrayed her.

AYLMER. My God! It's not true.

MAJOR. If it's not true, why has your girl disappeared? Why was Dick Hammond discharged? Because he loved your daughter, and they feared he would learn the truth. Everybody knows the circumstances—ask Mrs. Darville.

(AYLMER crosses to Mrs. D.

Put lime on quickly in porch  
as if gas had been lit in house.



*Printed, not published.*

VIVIEN. Poor child, yes—as one woman may tell another—she told me all.

AYLMER. (*sinking on seat*) God 'elp me! No, no, it's true—it's true—my girl, my Mary! (*covers his face with his hands*) then Lord Desborough lied to me.

MAJOR. (*eagerly*) Yes! Now, now—what are you going to do? Sit there and whimper like a whipped cur—or take your revenge on the man to whom you owe this wrong? What you wouldn't do for my money, will you do for love of your daughter, for hate of her betrayer. Yes, or no?

AYLMER (*rising*) No! A Englishman and a sportsman don't take 'is revenge out of a poor dumb animal! The 'oss is favourite; all over the country 'undreds and 'undreds 'ave backed 'im because *I* train 'im and they say Joe Aylmer's a honest man; and they're right, sir, I *am*! (*crossing to porch*.) So long as 'e's in my stable I'll do my dooty by the 'oss. My 'ead may be afire, and my 'eart a breaking, but if it only lays wi' me Clipstone will win, aye, win as far as I can make 'im (*crosses R. on steps*) But when the race is over—when it's only man to man, I'll settle with the villain who has wronged my child!

*Moon. Exit R.*

MAJOR. Declamatory idiot!

*Enter Mrs. D. L.*

VIVIEN. Well, what's to be done?

MAJOR. I'll tell you. Look here, Vivien, you know Forrest, the Duchess's jockey?

VIVIEN. Yes—we are capital friends—he often puts me on to a good thing.

MAJOR. I saw you speaking to him the other day at Sandown just before the big race.

VIVIEN. Yes. He was having a nip of brandy, to steady his nerves.

MAJOR. Why not ask him to meet you—just before the Derby is run. Ask him to have another nip of brandy just to steady his nerves. You're very good at sleight of hand, and as you pass it to him, drop in the glass a small dose I will give you.

VIVIEN. He would see it.

MAJOR. Not if you manage it as I tell you. It will only make him sleepy and drowsy—and it'll mean a certainty for King of Trumps.

*Printed, not published.*

VIVIEN. What will it mean for me?

MAJOR. £5,000.

VIVIEN. But it'll mean so much more to you.

MAJOR. That won't hurt *you*! Come! We're not beaten yet. Have a glass of champagne and drink success to King of Trumps.

VIVIEN. I'm with you!

*They exit R. through porch.*

LEIGH. (*coming down with glass in his hand*) All right—so I'm a fool, am I? We'll see who'll look the biggest fool at the finish. You've tricked me in the past, Vivien, you've tricked me now again—but it's for the last time—it's *my* turn now. As for going to the devil—ladies first—and that'll be some consolation. So—

here's damnation to you both, and jolly good luck to Clipstone! *(laugh off)*

*(Lights down)*

*End of Scene.*

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SCENE II.

*The Doctor's room at the Sanatorium.*

*Desk c., with box containing cushion marked M. with a coronet.*

*Enter CYP. reading telegram. He is followed by MARY.*

CYP. (*reading telegram*) "Leave town twelve—with you one fifteen, Desborough." Hang him! Why didn't he come by the eleven, he would have been here by now.

MARY. (L.C.) You *have* sent for Lord Desborough, Sir?

CYP. (R.C.) Yes Mary.

MARY. Then you think little Lord Fernside is in danger, Sir—that he is worse?

CYP. Hum—well—he isn't any better, Mary.

MARY. Couldn't *any* doctor cure him, Sir?

CYP. Eh! Well! I don't know, Mary. As a very eminent member of my profession once remarked, a doctor is a person who pours medicine of which he knows little into bodies of which he knows less. There, tell Harold that his father is coming, perhaps it will cheer him up.

MARY. I'll tell him, sir, but father is not the word that is on his lips night and day, it's "mother," always "mother."

*(exit MARY)*

*Printed, not published.*

CALL 2.

CYP. Ah! that's a cure I should have tried weeks ago had it not been for my promise not to let her see him. Poor little chap! poor little chap! (*goes to writing table. Looks at large brown paper parcel lying on it*) What in the name of wonder is this? (*begins to open it, comes across a card, reads it*) "A little surprise. M." I thought so. From the Duchess. (*opens parcel. It contains a large sofa cushion emblazoned in gold with a large M surmounted by a ducal coronet*) a sofa cushion, her cypher, her coronet. How I hate that M. (*Striking the cushion with his fist*) M!! It glares at me from her note paper, it stares at me from my pocket book, it shrieks at me from my scent bottle, it's on my hair brushes and in my brain. And this is marrying money, with a coronet and a great big M. (*drops the cushion with a sigh. Goes to writing table, sits, takes up letters*) Bill, bill, circular, bill again, ah, what's this? Yes, from Annette. (*Tears it open*) Dear Annette!

(*Reads*) "My dear Cyp.

"No, I don't agree with you. We had better not meet to say good-bye. Indeed we had better not meet at all just yet. I know you care for me, and I will confess it. I care so much for you that a formal parting would only pain us deeply. We have not only ourselves to consider, we must think of the Duchess of Milford, who has behaved most generously, most kindly. She loves you, and for us to meet again would not be fair to her. (*Duchess appears at window. She makes gesture to some unseen person off as though warning them to remain hidden, she sees CYP., watches him for a moment*) Some day I hope we shall meet again. Then and now believe, dear Cyp., you have and will have no more sincere friend than

"Annette Donnelly."

(*silently kisses the letter*

DUCH. Dear boy! he is kissing my letter, he is sitting on my cushion. (*steals behind him on tip-toe, puts her hands over his eyes*) Peek-a-boo!

CYP. (*starting up*) Who the Devil's that!

*He rises, she puts her hand on his shoulder, and as she does so sees ANNETTE'S letter, he sinks back into his seat.*

DUCH. What the—Dickens—is that? (*pointing to letter*

CYP. That—yes, er—that's a letter.

DUCH. (*crossing R.C.*) I didn't think it was a boot-jack. Who is it from?

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. From—er—Miss Donnelly.

DUCH. Doesn't she know you're engaged? and let me tell you that it is serious this time. Have you got any more letters from her?

CYP. None.

DUCH. (*puts it in her pocket*) Now we are on the subject, if you have any other little souvenirs of my thirteen predecessors trot 'em out. (*goes to desk*)

CYP. Well—I—I *may* have one or two.

DUCH. No, you mayn't; not half a one! Come along! (*holds out her hand*)

(*CYP. with a sigh unlocks drawer and takes out souvenirs. Hands DUCHESS a packet of letters.*)

"From Gwendoline!" (*sharply*) Who was Gwendoline?

CYP. Widow of a Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Newgong.

DUCH. (*glancing at one letter*) Twaddle! (*glancing at another*)  
 "Oh, would I were a bee  
 In honied cup to dip,  
 Imbibing ecstasies  
 In one ambrosial Cyp."

CYP. Yes, that's me, Cyp.

DUCH. Oh, so she went from bad to verse?—I mean worse.  
 (*CYP. hands her a faded spray of flowers*)  
 What are these? Camomiles?

CYP. Once they were stephanotis.

DUCH. Stephanotis! Stuff and nonsense! (*flings flowers in waste paper basket*) Next please (*CYP. hands her a lock of hair*)

DUCH. (*reading label*) "Dear Kitty's curl." (*CYP. sighs*) What's the matter? Do you love the girl still?

CYP. No; that once perfervid passion—

DUCH. (*looking at curl*) Perfervid—peroxide.  
 (*throws lock of hair in basket*)

CYP. (*giving her a ribbon*) Julia's waist-band.

DUCH. Waist! its big enough to go round a wilderness!  
 (*flings it aside*)

CYP. Glove!

DUCH. (*smelling it*) Whose was that? (*throws glove in basket*)

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. Well, I—'pon my word I don't know. Found it in my pocket one morning. I had dined out the night before.

DUCH. (CYP. takes out packet after packet of letters with which he simply heaps up the DUCHESS's arms, after which the DUCHESS pours them all into the waste paper basket) One minute, are Mrs. Darville's amongst this lot?

CYP. (DUCHESS puts letters into paper basket) No. I returned them when we broke it off. And she returned mine.

DUCH. Got 'em?

CYP. (hesitating) Yes.

DUCH. Produce them—I should like to see your style. (CYP. produces letters from drawer and hands them to DUCH.)

(Glancing at one) "My ever ownest," hum—er—er (reading) Dream of thee—fond hearts beat joy—life—stars—always—burning kiss—lovely vision." You don't write to *me* like this you know.

CYP. They—er—those were written in the East.

DUCH. Warmth of the climate? Not good enough, my dear! (looking at the last) Hullo, *this* isn't your hand—"Brackenhurst, Yorkshire."

CYP. (rising, and looking at letter.) No. Why, it's Desborough's writing.

DUCH. So it is; how on earth did it get there?

CYP. I suppose she gave me one too many by mistake. Top torn off too, "Dear Mary." (read letter)

DUCH. Hum! Looks as if Muriel was not so very wrong in being jealous after all. (holding letter to CYP.)

CYP. "Dear Mary."

DUCH. Mary—Mary—why, *her* name wasn't Mary.

CYP. No, it was Vivien.

DUCH. Then who's dear Mary?

CYP. Could it be Mary Aylmer?

DUCH. Why not? You told me she had had some sort of trouble—the old one I presume? (CYP. nods) And Desborough knew of it?

CYP. Yes.

DUCH. (who has been reading letter) So I should think!

CYP. No, No, Duchess. Desborough, I'm sure, can explain it, he'll be here directly. (DUCHESS glances at window)

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. (*looking at watch*) I am off to meet him at the station now. Au revoir, Duchess!

DUCH. Maria!

CYP. Yes—Maria. Good-bye.

(*Offers to shake hands. DUCHESS smacks his hand out of the way and puts up her lips. CYP. kisses her gingerly, and goes off quickly door in flat.*)

DUCH. Dash it all, I didn't bargain for Desborough. I'm afraid we shan't be a very pleasant party at tea. But there, if I could only get him to meet his wife for five minutes Goodness only knows what might come of it—any way I'll try. This letter may help me (*goes to the window*) Muriel!

*Enter MURIEL at window.*

It's all right—the doctor's gone.

MUR. (*coming down L.C.*) But has he *consented*—has he said I may see Harold?

DUCH. (c.) Bother his consent—I say you may see Harold.

MUR. And I may stay with him—*always*?

DUCH. My dear, only Desborough can say that. If you want to be re-united to your child you must be reconciled to your husband.

MUR. Impossible!

DUCH. Remember he *thinks* he has been deeply wronged.

MUR. I *know* that I have been.

DUCH. I don't say you *haven't*, but *somebody* must make the first advance—and it's so much better to be happy than dignified.

MUR. You don't know the facts. The very evening Mrs. Darville arrived at Brackenhurst, I surprised her in my husband's arms.

DUCH. Oh, pooh! When a woman of that sort wants to deposit herself in any man's arms, she generally finds a way of doing it. I speak from experience—Milford's of course!

MUR. If you doubt his continued interest in her—read that!  
(*takes letter from reticule and hands it to DUCH.*)

DUCH. Torn!

DUCH. Yes.

DUCH. All Desborough's letters seem to be torn! (*reading*) "Dear Vivien—Regret—see you must go—keep secret from Lady Desborough—don't distress yourself—your future—money, sympathy, protection—always rely on Desborough."

*Printed, not published.*

MUR. Is that letter convincing?

DUCH. Well I don't know. Who gave it you?

MUR. Major Mostyn.

DUCH. Then it isn't, not a little bit! (*handing back letter to MURIEL who continues to hold it in her hand*)

*Re-enter MARY door c.*

MUR. Mary Aylmer!

DUCH. (*going to her*) Mary, what are you doing here?

MARY. I—I am nursing little Lord Fernside.

DUCH. Cyp never told me. Does Lord Desborough know of this?

MARY. (*rather proudly*) I am here at his Lordship's request.

DUCH. (*looking at letter*) I am sorry to say it, Mary, but I don't believe you!

MARY. Your Grace!

DUCH. (*going R. with MARY*) Why did you leave Lady Desborough's service?

MARY. Because—because—Lord Desborough knew why.

DUCH. Because he ordered you out of the house!

MARY. No, no, it's not true.

DUCH. (*reading*) "Dear Mary, whatever feeling I had for you is dead. Your continued presence is an insult to my wife." There it is in his own handwriting. (*handing MARY letter, which she takes*)

MARY. He never wrote that to me. I told him that I was not fit to stay under his roof. He pitied me; he wrote and promised to keep my wretched secret—

DUCH. (*rushing to MURIEL and reading over her shoulder*) And added that for money and sympathy you could always rely on him!

MARY. Yes.

DUCH. Ha, ha! I've got it!

(*Takes lower part of MURIEL's letter in left hand, lower part of MARY's in right, leaving the top bits with each of them, and crossing her hands, gives each the other's half of letter.*)

Now read!

MARY. Yes, *that* is my letter!

*Printed, not published.*

MUR. (reads) "Dear Vivien, your presence here is an insult to my wife!"

DUCH. *That's what made Mrs. Darville faint in your husband's arms.*

MUR. But how did Major Mostyn get *your* letter, Mary?

MARY. I gave it to him.

MUR. Oh, Douglas, Douglas, how I have wronged you!

DUCH. Yes, you have, my dear, and you'll have to say "sorry!"

MUR. But how will you convince him?

DUCH. I don't know *how*, but I *shall* before I've done with him, and a good deal sooner than you think, perhaps. And now, my dear, I'm going to take you to your boy.

(MURIEL goes up L. to door)

MARY. But, Your Grace, the doctor's strict orders—

DUCH. Are never to contradict his own Maria!

(putting arm round MURIEL)

*Lights down.*

*Scene changes.*

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### SCENE III.

*The Sanitorium. The sick room. (CHILD asleep to begin*

FERN. (waking up) Mary—is that you?

NURSE. (going to the cot) No, dear. It's your other nurse. Do you feel better?

FERN. No, I feel so tired—so hot, *do* open the window, please.

NURSE. Yes, keep the clothes on you and I'll open it.

(NURSE opens window)

FERN. Ah, that's beautiful, isn't it? Nurse, I wish you'd put me in the chair over there, like you did the other day.

NURSE. (takes shawl and goes to cot) Very well, you shall lie by the window and look out if you want to. Here is Mary.

*Enter MARY.*

(NURSE goes and arranges cushions on long chair by the window. MARY wraps shawl round FERNSIDE and lifts him out of cot, laying him in the chair by window.)

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*Printed not published.*

FERN. (*draws MARY's face down to him and kisses it*) Doesn't everything look beautiful in the sun, Mary?

MARY. Yes, dear. Wouldn't you like to play with your beautiful boat?

FERN. No, thank you.

MARY. Or your soldiers?

FERN. No, I don't seem to want anything (*NURSE shakes her head—MARY sighs*) except to lie still and look out at the trees, and the blue sea and the sky, oh! if I could only be well again and go home to Brackenhurst, and ride my pony—and see Mother again (*with a little cry*) Oh, Mother, Mother! I do want you so!

*The door opens L. and DUCHESS enters softly, followed by LADY DESBOROUGH. FERNSIDE has his back to them but MARY sees them and starts. The DUCHESS lays her finger on her lips and makes an imperative gesture, in subsequent lines she puts her arm round MURIEL and consoles her.*

FERN. Mary!

MARY. Yes, dear?

FERN. I want to ask you a question. Am I going to get better or am I going to Heaven?

*(LADY DESBOROUGH gives a sobbing exclamation*

*What's that?*

DUCH. (*coming forward*) Lor, my dear—its only *me*—you remember me?

FERN. Yes, yes, I remember you, Duchess, but it wasn't *you*—it was *her* step—Mother's. Mother! Mother! (*getting with difficulty off couch and trying to go to LADY D., his legs are too weak and give way under him. LADY D. rushes to him and takes him in her arms.*

MURIEL. Harold! My boy! My boy!

FERN. Mother! You've come to me at last! You'll never go away again!

MURIEL. Never, I pray God!

DUCH. Go away, my dear, certainly not. I've brought her back and I'm going to keep her here or I'll know the reason why!

FERN. Oh, thank you, Duchess.

DUCH. (*kissing him, turns away*) Bless us! how thin his poor little face has grown. I—if Desborough separates that child from his mother again, I'll scratch Clipstone at the last minute and give the race away!

*Printed, not published.*

MURIEL. My sweetheart, you musn't get so excited—you're not strong enough.

FERN. Yes, yes, I am. I'm *much* better now.

(LADY D. looks at MARY)

DUCH. (*With MARY down stage*) Better? Of course he is! *that* was the medicine the poor child wanted, they can throw all the rest out of the window—way I always take *my* physic.

FERN. Mother, I've said my prayers every morning and night—and asked God to bring you back to me, and He *has*.

(LADY D. sinks on her knees by couch and clasps her hand looking up.)

DESBOROUGH and CYPRIAN enter quickly from R.C. LADY D. rises.

DES. Muriel! Here!

MUR. (*appealingly*) Douglas!

DES. (*to CYP.*) You've broken your word to me.

DUCH. (*coming forward*) No, he has not. I've broken it for him. He's mine, consequently his word's mine. and I've broken it.

DES. (*stiffly*) Duchess, I allow no one to interfere between me and my wife—

DUCH. *Your wife!* You seem to forget your wife's *that* child's mother. Nature's got no divorce for *that* tie. I suppose he was to die that your dignity mighn't be ruffled. The lad was just breaking his heart for his mother. Ask the Doctor—he could see it, ask Mary Aylmer—*she* could see it.

(CYP nods to every word)

I could see it, the Nurse could see it, anybody but a—a—  
(*To CYP.*) Say it for me.

CYP. D—d fool—

DUCH. Could see it. Thank you. Cyp, that's exactly what I meant.

FERN. Father! Aren't you going to kiss me? (*the DUCHESS pushes DES. towards MURIEL. DES. crosses to couch and kisses FERN. who keeps hold of his hand and won't let him go*) And now, kiss mother!

(*brief and embarrassed pause*)

Father—you're not angry with mother, are you?

DES. I—I—

*Printed, not published.*

MUR. Douglas, I have been very wrong—I left you for a miserable groundless jealousy, but I was deceived by the villain who first plotted to part us, and then to rob me of my good name. I have been bitterly punished. The fault was all mine—but don't drive me away from my child—let me come back ever so humbly to the place in your heart that once was mine—Oh, Douglas, don't turn from me—I am innocent—Douglas, won't you believe me?

DUCH. Desborough, if you send your wife away, you'll kill that child.

FERN. Father? Mother's not going away again?

DES. (*turning. After a momentary struggle*) No!—Muriel, let the world say what it will, I believe you!

(*Holding out his arms, MURIEL rushes into them*)

*Picture*

*End of scene III.*

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#### SCENE IV.

*A part of the paddock.*

CALL 1.

*Enter MAJOR and DICK R. 1 E.*

MAJOR. Now Dick my lad, do your best, bring home King of Trumps first past the post, and your fortune is made, I've put you on a thousand to nothing, and remember, that every nerve you strain means so much towards paying out Lord Desborough for acting so badly to your sweetheart Mary.

DICK. I'll do my best Sir, if it was only for that. He has spoilt her life, he has broken my heart.

MAJOR. Well, go in and win, it's prosperity to you and ruin to him.

DICK. Be sure I'll do my best Sir! (*exit DICK*)

MAJOR. So far, so good! I wonder how Vivien Darville has succeeded with the Duchess's jockey, if *we* can get rid of *him* the game is won. Here she is.

*Enter VIVIEN.*

MAJOR. Well, what news?

VIV. Forrest has promised to see me just after he weighs out, (*pointing to bar on wing*) I think I shall be able to bring it off all right.

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*Printed, not published.*

MAJOR. Once you've doctored his drink and seen him swallow it get away as quickly as possible. Desborough has put every farthing on Clipstone. I have parted him from his wife, and this will do for him completely.

VIV. But I've just seen them together again.

MAJOR. Who?

VIV. The Desboroughs. The divorce is off. Husband and wife reconciled. They are here in the paddock, billing and cooing like a pair of lovers. But you'll soon have the double satisfaction of seeing them *both* look miserable when King of Trumps wins, and Desborough is left without a shilling in the world to bless himself with.

MAJOR. Yes, damn him! Well, let them live together and starve together, and die together, so long as my horse wins, all depends on that, and that all depends on you. With Clipstone out of the way, and with Dick up, it is a certainty.

VIV. Will you lend me a pony to go on with.

MAJOR. My dear Vivien, I haven't got it, if King of Trumps comes in you will have your money.

VIV. But I must have *some* ready—now.

MAJOR. Get it from Rupert Leigh then, (*crosses*) he has been in luck lately, besides, now that Desborough has gone back to his wife why not marry him. Here he is. (*exit MAJOR*)

VIV. There's nothing like a second string to your bow, if he wins I *might* marry him, if he doesn't I could soon send him to the right about.

*Enter LEIGH.*

Ah my dear Rupert I was just thinking of you.

LEIGH. Thinking what a fool I was as usual.

VIV. No, no, I never think that of you

LEIGH. Then I'll tell you what you were thinking of—Desborough.

CALL 2.

VIV. And his reconciliation with his wife? I confess I hated her hard for a bit, but after all it is better to live for *love* (*looking at LEIGH*) than for hate.

LEIGH. So I thought when I left the Service and perjured myself to win *you*.

VIVIEN. You proved your devotion—you have earned your reward.

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LEIGH. Oh, you mean that now I may claim it? Now I may come and say "Desborough is reconciled to his wife—you've no chance of getting him—you are hard up—penniless—without friends or reputation—still here *I* am, faithful, waiting—waiting patiently—come to peace and happiness, come and be my wife."

VIVIEN. (*with feigned emotion*) Oh, Rupert, dear—dear—Rupert!

LEIGH. Yes, but I'm not going to say anything of the sort!

VIVIEN. What—You don't mean it!

LEIGH. Oh, yes, I do—and what is more, I tell you to your face that "you can go to the devil as soon as you please,"

VIVIEN. You say this to *me*?

LEIGH. As *you* said it of *me*—to Mostyn, up the river, when you thought I was asleep—when I also overheard you both try and get at Aylmer, the trainer—but Clipstone will win and so shall I—and you and your confounded friend, the Major, will lose every farthing! you thought you had something up your sleeve—and you hadn't—but *I* have—Ha! Ha!—and you'll see who'll look the biggest fool at the finish, *you* or *I*.

(*raises hat to her and exit quickly*)

VIVIEN. Something up his sleeve—the idiot—Clipstone win, indeed—not if I know it! Ah, there is Forrest waiting for me—it is rather hard on him—but all is fair in love and war. Hi! Forrest, Hi my boy, I want a word with you.

(*exit R.*)

*Enter CYP. and CHISHOLME R.L.E.*

CYP. Hello, was'nt that Mrs. Darville passed us?

CHIS. Yes. Wonder what she's after!

CYP. No good, I'll be bound.

*Enter LEIGH L.L.E.*

LEIGH. Streatfield! Did you get my letter telling you that if you would bring Mary Aylmer here to-day I thought I could make the Derby a certainty for Clipstone?

CYP. Yes—but for the life of me I can't see how Mary's presence can influence the chances one way or another.

LEIGH. Never mind; the question is—can I see her?

CYP. Yes, she didn't wish to come, but when I told her that her presence would be of some advantage to Lord Desborough, she was most anxious to do as I asked.

LEIGH. Where is she?

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. Near the Paddock Gate.

LEIGH. I'll go to her at once, and before the day is out, I think you will thank me for what I am going to do. (*exit L.*)

CHIS. And what is he going to do?

CYP. (c.) I don't know, I don't know! Chisholm! tell me, do I look as if I practically owned a Derby favourite, and was going to marry the richest woman in England.

CHIS. Candidly, you don't. You look much more like a—a—Prime Minister without a majority.

CYP. It's a grand thing for a fellow to sacrifice himself for a friend.

CHIS. Tut, tut, it's *magnificent* this time. Very few men marry Duchesses.

CYP. No. Some people are born unlucky—some acquire riches, and some have Duchesses thrust upon them.

CHIS. Oh, nonsense, come and look at the horses.

(*crossing L.*)

CYP. No, thanks—I want to be alone and think how happy I am.

*Enter ANNETTE L.*

CHIS. Ah! how do you do this morning, Miss Donelly. (*aside*) I hope Cyp. won't forget that he's engaged.

*Exit CHISHOLM L.I.B.*

CYP. Annette! I mean Miss Donelly.

ANN. Mr. Streatfield! I have missed Papa in the crowd—have you seen him?

CYP. Yes, Ann—Miss Donelly, he is over there looking at the horses.

ANN. (*crossing B.*) Thank you.

CYP. (*hesitating*) I—I trust you are in the enjoyment of good health.

ANN. It has been all I could wish—considering—er—the weather. You are well too, I hope?

CYP. Yes, thank you, considering—er—I'm engaged.

ANN. And quite happy too? you ought to be.

CYP. I suppose I ought. The Duchess—Maria has given me everything I want—a steam yacht—a banking account—and a black poodle, yet still—still—

*Printed, not published.*

ANN. Still you want something more? A Scotch terrier, or a private hansom perhaps—

CYP. Very handsome—and not engaged either.

ANN. But you are—don't forget it.

CYP. I won't. I suppose you—you are quite happy?

ANN. Why shouldn't I be?

CYP. Well—you know the Desboroughs are together again.

ANN. Yes—I'm so glad.

CYP. If we could have foreseen it—we need not have parted

ANN. We—we did it for the best.

CYP. It was the right thing to do.

ANN. And I—I am glad we did it.

CYP. So am I—very glad

ANN. Very glad—it will always cheer us to think of it.

CYP. Yes—it's cheering me now.

ANN. And me.

CYP. It ought to make us both—

ANN. Always—

CYP. Very—

ANN. Very—

CYP. & ANN. Happy!! (*they sob, holding each other's hands*)

DUCH. (*off L.*) Bless the dear old Paddock, I'm glad to see it once again. (*entering L.*) Now I've got my colours on I feel like winning. (*Pauses seeing CYP. and ANNETTE.*) This looks like losing.

CYP. Maria!

ANN. The Duchess!

DUCH. I'll trouble you to remember, Sir, that you are engaged. (*crossing to C.*)

CYP. (*L. of Duchess*) Yes, Maria, I *was* remembering it.

ANN. (*R. of Duchess*) We—we were both remembering it.

CYP. Do you object to me speaking to an old friend?

DUCH. Yes, I do! I prefer your speaking to me. What do you think I want to marry you for?

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. 'Pon my soul, I don't know.

DUCH. CYP., come here; I am going to ask you a very straightforward question. I—I want you to be quite frank with me. Can you love me for myself alone, and be content never, never—to think—or even dream of anyone else—They say you never know your luck, I should like to know mine.

CYP. Duchess, I'm a plain spoken man—Don't ask me!

DUCH. Then it had better be off! Annette my dear, do you love this idiot still?

ANN. I can't help it, Duchess, I do. He's such a dear idiot!

DUCH. So he is, so he is! Cyp, do you love Annette?

CYP. Duchess—Maria—

DUCH. Tell the truth!

CYP. Then I *do*, with all my heart!

DUCH. I knew it! I thought how it would be when I knew how it was. Cyp. I release you from your promise. But I can't give you up altogether, so I'll tell you what I'll do, instead of marrying you, I'll adopt you; then we shall all be happy.

CYP. Maria!

ANN. (L.) Cyp!

CYP. (c.) Annette—kiss Mother!

DUCH. (R.) Bless you, my dears! You would have sacrificed yourself to save the Desboroughs, and it's a happiness to me that in your life's race you should have a fair start (*bell heard off*)

ANN. What's that?

CYP. They are clearing the course.

DUCH. A good omen—come along we'll make a family party.

EXEUNT.

*Change of Scene.*

*End of scene IV.*

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CALL 1.

*Printed, not published.*

## SCENE V.

*The Paddock. The Crowd. Horses led round. CLIPSTONE followed by backers, admirers, etc.*

## PADDOCK SCENE.

1. Six horses discovered going round in a walk ; after one round, enter first jockey who commences to saddle his horse, then second jockey, followed at interval of five or six seconds, by third and fourth.
2. At the sound of bell the four jockeys mount and ride off (prompt side). Aylmer enters with colours and saddle, looking for the Duchess. During this business the two horses Clipstone and King of Trumps are still parading paddock.
3. Dick enters at the same time as Aylmer and has the saddle put on King of Trumps.
4. Clipstone is not saddled until the Duchess says, "go on Aylmer. Give him my jacket." He is then stripped of stable clothing and saddled as quickly as possible and mounted by Dick who rides off. The crowd follow off P.S.
5. Then the fifth horse King o' Trumps is led off *without* jockey, and behind scenes mounted by a jockey for race, being supposed to represent some other horse.

Seque  
49  
till race  
over

MURIEL, DESBOROUGH, COLONEL, MRS. DONELLY, CHISHOLM, BAGOT, and BEAMISH, *discovered*.

DES. (*discovered*) Clipstone looks splendid—doesn't he, Colonel?

COL. He does that, my boy—as fit as a fiddle.

CHIS. He ought to. We have all backed him to a pretty tune.

DES. Don't talk of it Chisholm. I am happy again with Muriel and my boy—for their dear sakes I daren't even think of Clipstone losing.

MUR. Clipstone *must* win, Clipstone *will* win. If coming griefs cast their shadows before, so do coming joys their light. Dear, dear, husband, the glad old days have come again to us ; bright days of happiness and peace and love.

(*jockeys go round once, and then mount, and go away*)

*Printed, not published.*

*Enter MOSTYN.*

MAJOR. Where on earth's Hammond? It's almost time to mount. I wonder has Vivien succeeded in hocussing Forrest! There was enough in the dose to make him sleep for hours. It can't kill him I suppose. If anything should happen—(*enter Viv. she touches him*) Ha! what's that?

VIV. It's all right, I gave him the dose.

MAJOR. He took it?

VIV. Like a lamb.

*Business of saddling except King of Trumps and Clipstone*

DUCH. (*Enter L.I.E. comes c.*) Ah, Major, you're looking very confident, aren't you afraid of the favourite?

(*Exit MURIEL and DESBOROUGH*)

*Enter ANNETTE and STREATFIELD L.I.E.*

MAJOR. No, Duchess. He looks a bit light to me. I am going back to the ring to lay some more against him.

DUCH. Oh, don't trouble. I can oblige you for anything in reason, and I'm always there on Monday, you know. How are they betting?

MAJOR. Even money—I'll bet you an even *five thousand* against Clipstone.

DUCH. With pleasure. Write it down twice if you like.

MAJOR. Three times if *you* like.

DUCH. Four times if *you* like.

MAJOR. Thank you.

DUCH. Any more?

MAJOR. No thanks, that'll do. So much obliged, and don't forget Monday.

*Bell off L. Pause. Horses on. Business. Saddling bell rings. Jockeys mount. Enter AYLMEER excitedly, carrying racing jacket.*

AYLMEER. Your Grace! Your Grace!

DUCH. Well—well! what on earth are you doing with the colours? Where's Billy Forrest?

AYL. (*pointing off*) There, Your Grace!—In the booth—dead drunk or drugged!

MAJOR. (*aside*) She's done it!

DUCH. Good Heavens! Who is to ride Clipstone. Get another Jockey at once.

AYL. Too late! They're going to the post now.

(*DESBOROUGH and MURIEL re-enter R.I.E.*)

*Printed, not published.*

DUCH. Desborough!

MAJOR. How very unfortunate, Duchess, so sorry. Come along Hammond!—get on your horse. (LEIGH comes down c. No 47)

LEIGH. Stop! Dick Hammond—you're going to ride Major Mostyn's horse—you're wearing Major Mostyn's colours. You're going to try your best to win to-day for Major Mostyn—the man who ruined your sweetheart—Mary Aylmer.

AYL. No—it was Lord Desborough!

DES. What do you mean?

AYL. I had it from Major Mostyn!

MUR. Why it was the Major himself, the villain! (LEIGH leads MARY down) Mary, speak!

AYL. Is this true my girl?

MARY. Yes!

DICK. And you have done this.

AYLMER. You damned blackguard! (throwing off his coat.) Let me get at him! (is held back.)

DICK. No, Mr. Aylmer, I'll do that!

MAJOR. You'll do what you're paid to do, that's ride King o' Trumps for me to-day. Get on your horse!

DICK. I'll see you damned first! (bell softly, as from distance, taking off jacket and throwing it at Major) Take your colours and ride your horse yourself! (To Desborough.) My Lord, speak to Her Grace for me to let me ride Clipstone (business of saddling Clipstone) I won on him at the trial, I'm the same weight as Forrest, I can win on him to-day!

DES. I will! My lad, you've misjudged me, I've misjudged you—I ask your pardon (giving hand.) Duchess, as a favour to me, as a reparation to Dick Hammond, I beg you let him ride Clipstone to-day.

DUCH. Ride Clipstone—rather! Go on Aylmer! Give him my jacket—it never had a better wearer. Ride straight, Dick, my lad, ride for yourself, ride to avenge your sweetheart, ride all you know for me and for Lord Desborough and let the best man win! No. 48

*End of Scene. Lights do not go down at all.*

#### THE DERBY TABLEAU.

*The finish of the race, the horses seen passing from L. to R. CLIPSTONE first. As the horses pass off R. The crowd break in on to the course—all the characteristic people of the Derby Day. The DUCHESS and all the CHARACTERS race across the stage from L. and off R. The DUCHESS presently returns down stage leading Clipstone, with DICK on his back. The others follow.*

*Printed, not published.*

CYP. We've done it this time, Duchess.

DUCH. Rather!

DES. Fortune, love, my wife, that's what Clipstone's victory means to me!

DUCH. (*patting horse*) Bless his dear hoofs, yes! He's carried home more than the race on his back—he's carried the happiness of two hearts, the hope of the future, the promise of the past. He's a darling—he's a daisy—Hurrah, boys! he's a  
THE DERBY WINNER!

*Tableau.*

*End of Scene.*

*Printed, not published.*

## PROPERTY PLOT.

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### ACT I.

Large Billiard Table at back, with lighted Lamps on same.

Marking Board—Cues and Cue Stand at back of Table.

Long Seat on dais R., Palm on pedestal R. under balcony.

Standard Lamp (lighted) R. of centre opening.

Massive-built Fireplace, R., Logs for Fire, Dogs in Fireplace, Gas jet behind Fire. Small Table, with Looking Glass and Cigarette Lighter R. of Fireplace. Bookstand, with Books and Bradshaw's Railway Guide R. corner below Fireplace.

Harmonium, with Candles lighted L., Music on Harmonium, Seat in front of Harmonium, Music on Music Stand L. Suit of Armour hanging on Hat, over Harmonium L.

Small round Table, with large Photo and Stand, Palm in Jardineire L.C.

Large Arm Chair, L.H., by Conservatory, large Oak Cabinet in opening L.

Writing Table, with Books; 1 small Flower Vase, with Flowers; 3 *Sporting Times*; Writing paper, pens, ink; 1 Photo Frame, with Photo; Waste Paper Basket; Standard Lamp (lighted) L. of Writing Table; large long Seat C.; Chair R. side of Seat: Pedestal behind Chair; Billiard ball basket, Pool basket, Billiard balls, chalk, matches, marking boards Billiard brush,

Carpet in Billiard room, small carpet under balcony, large carpet C. of Stage 1 small rug under table L.C., 1 rug in conservatory, 1 rug in front of fireplace R.; chair off Stage L.L.E.; chair off Billiard room L.; palm, on truck in conservatory.

*Printed, not published.*

*Hand Properties :—*

One Syphon soda water, 2 glasses cut bottle with whiskey, match stand with matches on tray for SERVANT off L.3.E., cigarettes, pocket book for DESBOROUGH, pocket book for MOSTYN, cigarette case for COLONEL, cigarette case and betting book for RUPERT LEIGH, cigarette case and betting book for CAPTAIN BAGOT, cigarette case and betting book for LORD CHISHOLM, £5 note for LORD CHISHOLM, flower for Miss DONELLY, written letter for MARY, cane for AYLMER, cane for HAMMOND, written letter on salver for SERVANT

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Bank L.2.E., to be drawn off at cue ; horses ready ; mechanical horses to be pulled across Stage from L. to R. at cue ; flag in Prompt corner for starting mechanical horses ; 1 bird whistle, cocoanut matting ; 2 traps ready.

*Hand Properties :—*

Whip and field glasses for AYLMER, whips for JOCKEYS, field glass for DUCHESS OF MILFORD, stick and glasses for ANNETTE DONELLY, stick and field glasses for CYPRIAN STRETFIELD, ; LORD CHISHOLM, hunting crop and field glass ; CAPTAIN BAGOT, MAJOR MOSTYN, and LORD DESBOROUGH, hunting crops and field glasses ; hunting crop for Mrs. DARVILLE, 2, flowers for LADY DESBOROUGH, flower and whip for FERNSIDE, whip, colour case, with colours, for DICK HAMMOND, whip for LADY DESBOROUGH ; 2 traps ready.

SCENE 2.—Fireplace ; mantel, with ornaments ; fender, fire-irons R. ; armchair R.C. ; table and 2 chairs L.C. ; desk on table containing written letter ; 1 book on table ; pictures on scene

*Hand Properties ;—*

Brandy in tumbler, large bottle soda on tray for WAITER, corkscrew for WAITER, hunting crop for Mrs. DARVILLE, written letter for MOSTYN, photo frame, with photo, bundle of letters, pocket book, bangle on wrist, matchbox, stethoscope for CYPRIAN STRETFIELD, bundle of letters off door L. for Mrs. DARVILLE, hunting cap for RUPERT LEIGH.

*Printed. not published.*

**SCENE 3.**—Two palms on boat truck at back, lit with electric light; 2 palms on boat truck at L.C., lit with electric light; 2 palms on boat truck at R.C., lit electric light; 2 palms on stands R.L.E.; 1 palm on stand R.E.L.; portable dressing room O.P. side of Stage for Mrs. DARVILLE's change; 2 lounge seats at back, 3 seats R., 3 seats L.; roll of carpet at back; dressing table, looking glass, 2 bundles lights; chair in portable dressing room.

*Hand Properties*,—

Ball programmes for DUCHESS OF MILFORD, LORD CHISHOLM, CAPTAIN BAGOT, COLONEL DONNELLY, MAJOR MOSTYN, LORD DESBOROUGH, and Mrs. DARVILLE; ball programmes for EXTRA LADIES and GENTLEMEN. Torn gloves and signet ring; ball programmes for CYPRIAN STREETFIELD; written letter for MOSTYN; 2 red baize boxes and large sheet for cotillon.

### ACT III.

**SCENE 1.**—Cabinet C., 2 chairs R. and L.C. in front of windows, pedestal in corner R., with small palm, cabinet R., armchair R.C., lounge R.C., table, with books, jardineire, with small palm L.C., 4 chairs round table, writing table L., pedestal L., with jardineire and palm, armchair by fire L., fireplace, fender, fireirons, overmantel, with ornaments D., rug by fireplace L., cornices and curtains to windows, practicable blinds to windows, carpet.

*Hand Properties*:—

Housemaid's box, with duster for boots! candle in candlestick, lighted for boots.

**SCENE 2.**—*No Stage Properties*,—

*Hand Properties*:—

**SCENE 2.**—Briefs for DUCHESS OF MILFORD, walking stick for COLONEL DONNELLY, bag with documents, for LANGFORD, briefs for SOLICITORS.

**SCENE 3.**—Two traps (1 four-wheeled, 1 two-wheeled) L.C., set fountains L.C., 2 number cards for BOY, 112, 113; pens and ink, books, Auctioneer's box; cocoa-nut matting down.

*Printed, not published.*

*Hand Properties ;*

Cane and catalogue for AYLMER, cane and catalogue for HAMMOND, cane, pocket book, and catalogue for CHISHOLM, cane and catalogue for MOSTYN, catalogues for LORD DESBOROUGH, CYPRIAN STREATFIELD, COLONEL DONELLY, CAPTAIN BAGOT, and EXTRA LADIES and GENTLEMEN; Auctioneer's hammer, 2 books for Auctioneer's Clerk; cocoanut matting down.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Two basket armchairs and table L.C., basket easy chair, with leg rest and cushion R.C., cut bottle, with small drop of brandy in, 1 tumbler on table R.C., tray on table L., with 2 cups and saucers, milk jug, sugar basin, match stand; flower beds R. and L.; harmonium off Stage L.

*Hand Properties :—*

Betting book for MOSTYN; cigarette for Mrs. DARVILLE; tumbler with brandy is off R.I.E. for RUPERT LEIGH.

SCENE 2.—Writing table C.; large box on table, containing sofa cushion emblazoned in gold with a large M., surmounted by a ducal coronet; card inside box; writing materials on desk; several packets of letters on desk; 1 written letter in desk; lock of hair in desk; black belt in desk; small bunch of flowers in desk; waste paper basket R. of desk; glove in desk.

NOTE.—All furniture in this scene to be taken off quickly when lights down. Furniture ready for scene 3.

*Hand Properties :—*

Telegram for CYPRIAN STREATFIELD; written letter for LADY DESBOROUGH.

SCENE 3.—Dressing table with toilet cover and muslin. R.C. at back; boat; Noah's ark; small horse on table; bed with mattress, sheets, etc. L.C.; invalid's couch, rugs, pillows, R.; curtains to window, R.

*Hand Properties :—*

Nil.

SCENE 4.—No Stage Properties



*Printed, not published.*

*Hand Properties:—*

Stick and field-glass for Major MOSTYN; whip for HAMMOND; stick for RUPERT LEIGH; stick and glasses CHISHOLM; field-glasses for CYPRIAN STREATFIELD and Miss DONELLY.

SCENE 5.—Horses, race cards; cocoanut matting.

*Hand Properties:—*

Whips for jockeys; field-glasses; glasses and stick; betting book for Major MOSTYN; colours for AYLMER.

SCENE 6.—Cocoanut matting, pigeons; tray of sandwiches; boxing gloves; book-maker's satchel; tin coins; bills to throw in air; piece of carpet for conjuror; 2 trays (1 whelks; 1 hard boiled egg and bread and butter); basket of oranges, basket of lemons; dummies.

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*rinted, not published.*

## Rotation of Calls before Curtain.

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### ACT I.

CYP and ANNETTE.  
RUPERT LEIGH.

3. LORD and LADY DESBOROUGH.  
4. MAJOR MOSTYN and VIVIEN DARVILLE.

### ACT II.

CAPTAIN BAGOT.  
LORD CHISHOLM.  
3. COLONEL DONEILLY.  
4. CYP and ANNETTE.

5. RUPERT and VIVIEN.  
6. LORD DESBOROUGH.  
7. MAJOR MOSTYN.

### ACT III. SCENE I.—HOTEL CALL.

LORD and LADY DESBOROUGH.

MAJOR MOSTYN.

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MAJOR MOSTYN.  
LORD DESBOROUGH and ANNETTE.

CYP and THE DUCHESS.

### ACT IV.

CURTAIN FOR LAST ACT.



*Printed, not published.*

## G A S P L O T.

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### ACT I.

Front gas battens down ; gas battens up, out at cue (quickly) : gas length by conservatory backing, L.H. ; gas length by stairs, R.H. ; gas length by balcony, L.H. ; Each gas length to be turned out at cue.

### ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Borders and floats  $\frac{1}{2}$  up ; gradually to full at cue.

SCENE 2.—Lights full up.

SCENE 3.—Lights full up. Electric chandelier c.

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Footlights full up ; gas stove L.1.E. (lighted).

SCENE 2.—Footlights  $\frac{1}{2}$  up ; lights down to black for change.

SCENE 3.—Borders and footlights full up ; gas light in L.1.C. ; gas light in R.2.E.

### ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Borders and footlights  $\frac{1}{2}$  up ; lights down to black for change of scene.

SCENE 2.—Borders and footlights full up ; lights down for change of scene.

SCENE 3.—Borders and footlights full up ; lights down for change of scene.

SCENE 4.—Borders and footlights full up.

SCENE 5.—Borders and footlights full up.



*Printed, not published.*

## L I M E S .

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### ACT I.

Red lime through fireplace, R. ; blue lime through conservatory backing, L.

### ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Pink limes, R. & R.1.E. at cue ; pink limes, R. & L.3.E. from flies at cue ;  
very strong open lime on back of back cloth.

SCENE 2.—Amber lime from flies L. on to backing.

SCENE 3.—Open limes R. & L.

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Open limes on backing (from behind).

SCENE 2.—Open limes on transparent backing.

SCENE 3.—Open limes R. & L. ; open white at back of c. opening from R. , blue lime  
through window L.2.E.

### ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Pink limes R. & L.1.E. taken off at cue ; blue limes R. & L.1.E. on at cue ;  
amber lime through doorway R. at cue.

SCENE 2.—*Nil.*

SCENE 3.—Amber light through window R.

SCENE 4.—*Nil.*

SCENE 5.—Open limes R. & L.

SCENE 6.—Open limes R. & L.





*Printed, not published.*

## DRESS PLOT.

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### LORD DESBOROUGH.

- ACT I.**—Evening dress.
- ACT II.**—Scene 1.—Racing costume, breeches, and boots.  
Scene 3.—Regimental dress.
- ACT III.** Scene 1.—Travelling dress.  
Scene 2.— Walking suit, frock coat, &c.  
Scene 3.— ditto ditto.
- ACT IV.** Scene 3.—Double-breasted reefer suit.  
Scene 5.—Walking suit, frock coat, &c.

### MAJOR MOSTYN.

- ACT I.**—Evening dress.
- ACT II.** Scene 1.—Riding costume, breeches.  
Scene 2.— ditto ditto.  
Scene 3.—Regimental dress (43rd Hussars).
- ACT III.** Scene 1.—Regimental dress, covered with military cloak and foraging cap.  
Scene 2.—Walking suit, frock coat, &c.  
Scene 2.— ditto ditto.
- ACT IV.** Scene 1.—Evening dress, smoking coat.  
Scene 4.—Walking suit, frock.  
Scene 5.— ditto ditto.  
Scene 6.— ditto ditto.

### RUPERT LEIGH.

- ACT I.**—Evening dress.
- ACT II.** Scene 2.—Racing costume, breeches, and leggings.  
Scene 3.—Regimental dress (43rd Hussars).
- ACT IV.** Scene 1.—Evening dress.  
Scene 4.—Walking suit, frock coat, &c.  
Scene 5.— ditto ditto.  
Scene 6.— ditto ditto.

*Printed, not published.*

MYLES DONELLY

Act I.—Evening dress.

Act II. Scene 3.—Regimental (Col. 43rd Hussars).

Act III. Scene 1.—Walking dress, frock coat, &c.

Scene 3.— ditto ditto.

Act IV. Scene 4.— ditto ditto.

Scene 5.— ditto ditto.

CYPRIAN STREATFIELD.

Act I.—Evening dress.

Act II. Scene 1.—Riding costume, breeches, leggings.

Scene 2.—Walking dress, Derby hat, and ordinary suit.

Scene 3.—Evening Dress.

Act III. Scene 2.—Walking suit, frock coat, &c.

Scene 3.— ditto ditto.

Act IV. Scene 2.—Ordinary dress.

Scene 3.— ditto ditto.

Scene 5.—Walking dress, frock coat, &c.

Scene 6.— ditto ditto.

JOE AYLMEER.

Act I.—Covert coat, tight trousers, boots, plain waistcoat, tall hat (black).

Act II. Scene 1.—Long coat, gaiters, riding breeches, and whip with long thong.

Act III. Scene 3.—Covert coat, riding breeches and gaiters, tall hat, switch.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Covert coat, tight trousers, tall hat, same as Act I.

Scene 5.— ditto ditto.

Scene 6.— ditto ditto.

DICK HAMMOND.

Act I.—Breeches and gaiters, ordinary jacket and vest, Derby hat.

Act II. Scene 1.—Jockey breeches and boots, covert coat.

Act III. Scene 3.—Long coat (racing).

Act IV. Scene 4.—Breeches (jockey) and boots, jockey cap.

Scene 5.—Full jockey costume.

Scene 6.— Same.

*Printed, not published.*

**LORD CHISHOLM.**

- ACT I.—Evening dress.  
 ACT II. Scene 1.—Racing costume, breeches and gaiters.  
           Scene 3.—Full dress uniform.  
 ACT III. Scene 3.—Walking dress frock coat, &c.  
 ACT IV. Scene 4.—      ditto      ditto.  
           Scene 5 & 6.— ditto      ditto.

**CAPTAIN BAGOT.**

- ACT I.—Evening dress.  
 ACT II. Scene 1.—Riding costume. Scene 3.—Full uniform.  
 ACT III.—Walking costume, frock coat, and tall hat.  
 ACT IV.— ditto      ditto.

**LADY DESBOROUGH.**

- ACT I.—Evening gown.  
 ACT II. Scene 1.—Driving costume.  
           Scene 3.—Evening gown.  
 ACT III. Scene 1.—Same dress as ball-room (with exception of cloak).  
           Scene 2.—Walking costume.  
 ACT IV. Scene 2.— ditto      ditto.  
           Scene 5.—Racing dress.

**VIVIEN DARVILLE.**

- ACT I.—Travelling costume.  
 ACT II. Scene 1.—Racing habit.  
           Scene 2.— ditto ditto.  
           Scene 3.—Ball dress.  
 ACT IV. Scene 1.—River dress.  
           Scene 4.—Racing dress.  
           Scene 5.— } ditto ditto.  
           Scene 6.— }

*Printed, not published.*

DUCHESS OF MILFORD.

Act I.—Evening dress.

Act II. Scene 1.—Driving costume (loud).

Scene 3.—Ball dress.

Act III. Scene 2.—Walking costume (loud).

Scene 3.— ditto ditto. (loud).

Act IV. Scene 2.—Walking costume.

Scene 3.— ditto ditto.

Scene 4, 5 & 6.—Dress combining her racing colours.

Mrs. DONELLY.

Act I.—Evening gown.

Act II. Scene 3.—Ball dress.

Act III. Scene 2.—Walking costume.

ANNETTE DONELLY.

Act I.—Evening dress.

Act II. Scene 1.—Walking dress.

Scene 3.—Ball dress.

Act IV. Scene 4, 5 & 6.—White racing dress.

MARY AYLMER.

Act I.—Plain frock.

Act II. Scene 1.—Plain walking costume.

Act III. Scene 2.—Walking dress.

Act IV. Scene 2.—Nurse's dress (no cap).

Scene 3.— ditto

Scene 5.—Walking dress.

LITTLE LORD FERNSIDE.

Act I.—Full dress uniform of the 43rd Hussars.

Act II. Scene 1.—Riding costume, breeches and gaiters, cap.

Act III. Scene 2.—Knickers and jacket (dark), waistcoat (white), cap, black stockings,  
shoes.

Act IV. Scene 3.—Night dress.

*inted, not published.*

## SCENE PLOT.

### ACT I.

#### BRACKENHURST HALL.

Fireplace o.p., massive.  
 Stairs o.p. leading to rostrum c.  
 Surfeet o.p.  
 Backing to stairs.  
 Cut cloth backing balcony.  
 Back cloth, painted window.  
 Centre arch.  
 Surfeet p.s.  
 Flat p.s. opening into conservatory; conservatory backing, backed by wood wings.  
 Ceiling.  
 Stage cloth.  
 Balcony p.s., practical.

### ACT II.

#### THE DOWNS, MALTON.

- CASE 1.** Four wood wings, with return o p. side.  
 Large ground row c. at back.  
 Small ground row c. at back.  
 Wing to join ground row o.p.  
 Wing to join ground row p.s.  
 Two cut tree cloths.  
 Three wood borders.  
 Piece to join front of wood wing 2nd entrance o.p.  
 Piece to join front of wood wing 3rd entrance o.p.  
 Practical bank to go in front of 1st cut tree p.s.  
 Two wood wings p.s.
- CASE 2. THE WHITE HART.**  
 Cut cloth, window backing and street backing.  
 Flat o.p.  
 Flat p.s., practical door.  
 Backing for door p.s.

*Printed, not published.*

## SCENE 3. THE BALL.

Back cloth.

Five borders.

Two side flats P. &amp; O.P.

Four columns.

Two small side pieces set in between column P. &amp; O.P.

Two wings P. &amp; O.P. to join back cloth.

Backing to doors O.P.

Arch flat behind window with balcony P.S.

Moonlight landscape backing to window P.S.

Stage dancing cloth.

## ACT III.

## SCENE 1. RAILWAY HOTEL.

Back cloth with windows.

Small backing behind (transparent).

Ceiling.

Two flats P.S. &amp; O.P.

Door O.P. down stage.

Door P.S. up stage.

Fireplace P.S. down stage.

## SCENE 2. THE LAW COURTS.

Framed cloth with *practical* seats.

Backing with transparent windows.

## SCENE 3. TATTERSALL'S.

Backing and side backing O.P.

Cut cloth with balcony.

Side cloth O.P.

Small cloth P.S. under fly floor joining cut cloth.

Canopy P.S. to cover fly floor and rails.

Two borders.

Auctioneer's box O.P. up stage.

Hand rails at back.

Rostrums and steps to mount same between cut cloth and backing also at  
O.P. side.

Temple set piece P.S. with platform and steps.

Flat P.S.

*Printed, not published.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE 1. MOSTYN'S COTTAGE.

Back cloth with transparent sky.

Two cut tree cloths.

One deep border.

Foliage wing P.S.

House wing O.P.

Cottage porch and steps O.P.

Balustrade at back.

Two bush pieces.

Stage cloth to fly down; carpet cut; end of scene lights quite out for change of scene.

*as follows—*

*Bell.* Take up cut cloths and borders and run off back pieces, properties, etc.

*Cella's pull.* Pull down stage cloth.

Run off cottage steps, etc., O.P., and run on O.P. flat.

When cut cloths are up, lower out chamber cloth, and ready to lower borders when flat is run on O.P.

When set, turn light full up.

## SCENE 2. THE SANATORIUM.

Small cloth with framed door O.P. centre.

Two borders.

Flat O.P. and return

Flat P.S. with two hinged pieces up stage window.

Garden backing to window.

Stage cloth.

At end of scene all lights out for change of scene.

(1.) Run off all properties.

(2.) Pull stage cloth down; carpet cut.

(3.) Take up back cloth of Sanatorium, discovering back cloth of next scene.

Flap, flat O.P. and run on wing 1st entrance to join same P.S. Run down piece with screen on, and run on wing from 1st entrance to join same.

*Printed, not published.***SCENE 3. THE SICK ROOM.**

Back cloth with door o.p. centre.

Flat o.p. same as previous scene but flap to change.

Flat p.s. with screen and man behind.

Comes down stage and forms p.s. wall.

All props are run on directly the previous back cloth has been taken up.

**SCENE 4. CORNER OF THE Paddock.**

Front cloth.

**SCENE 5. THE Paddock.**

*Note.*—The first thing to set when front cloth is down and the sick room is struck is to unroll the grass matting all over stage, which remains down until the curtain.

Back cloth.

Two flats p.s. & o.p. to join cloth.

Sky borders.

Changing flats p.s. & o.p. 1st entrance ; these flap round for last tableau.

**SCENE 7. TABLEAU OF THE DERBY.**

Back cloth.

Side cloth p.s. & o.p. to join back cloth.

Flats p.s. & o.p. to join side cloth.

Sloping platform in front of back cloth.

Railings right across stage in front of sloping platform.

Flats in 1st entrance p.s. & o.p. to flap.



*Printed, not published.*

## SUPER PLOT.

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ACT I.—*Nil.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Two grooms.

Two stablekeepers to hold horses.

SCENE 2.—Three to take on table and chairs at change of Scene.

SCENE 3.—Two servants in livery.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Nil.*

SCENE 2.—Three to walk across ; 2 in private costume, 1 in Barrister's wig and gown.

SCENE 3.—Indiscriminate for Tattersall's.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Nil.*

SCENE 2.—*Nil.*

SCENE 3.—*Nil.*

SCENE 4.—*Nil.*

SCENE 5.—Twenty men for paddock and 10 ladies.

SCENE 6.—Usual crowd of a racecourse.



















